The Relief Society Magazine

Volume XVIII DECEMBER, 1931 No. 12

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Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Vol. 18 December, 1931 No. 1

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Mary

By Helen M. Livingston

She did not mind the dusty road,
The donkey's gait so slow,
The chill wind of the winter night,
The weary way to go.
A holy peace filled Mary.

She did not mind the crowded town,
No place for her to stay,
She made a manger sanctified,
Bore Jesus on the hay.
And holy peace filled Mary.

She did not pry the future years
And see his body rent,
But pillowing the little head
She knew a sweet content.
And holy peace filled Mary.

Murillo

MADONNA AND CHILD

THE
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XVIII DECEMBER, 1931 No. 12

Her Phantom Family

By Elsie C. Carroll

IT did not surprise anyone in South Cove when Anne Moreley started to build a home with part of the fortune her Aunt Hester left her. A woman who has clerked in a dry-goods store and lived in a second-rate boarding house for years, naturally *would* desire to have a home of her own if she had an opportunity. What *did* surprise people, however, was the kind of house Anne built—not a little two-or-three-room cottage such as one would imagine for an old maid, but a big, family-like residence, with wide porches, three bed-rooms, a music room, a study, and what appeared to be unmistakably a play-room.

Of course, everyone knew that Anne was odd, even though the older residents of The Cove could remember when she was the prettiest and most popular girl in the village, and as full of live interests as anyone. But that was before the War, when Anne was getting ready to marry Dave Bramwell who had been her favored "beau" since childhood. When the word came that Dave had been killed at Chateau-Thiery, the shock of the news did something to Anne, and she had never been the same.

She went on clerking at Anderson and Midgley's, and continued to live at Mrs. Springers, but she was changed to a silent woman with a far-away look in her eyes that made one continually surprised that she heard when she was asked for calico or bacon, and that she got the right things.

No one was surprised that she quit clerking when her house was finished. A woman with an assured income of a hundred and fifty dollars a month from stocks and bonds would be foolish to keep on selling coffee and sardines and listening to old man Midgley's stale jokes. The thing that did surprise folks, was the fact, which leaked out soon after Anne moved in, that she didn't really live in the house after all—that is, none of it except two little back-basement rooms. She went over the up-stairs every day, sweeping and dusting as scrupulously as if a whole family lived there, but she ate and slept in that tiny basement apartment.

It was Jane Stoker who made the discovery and broadcasted it. Jane used to clerk at Anderson and Midgley's, also, and some of the older town gossips still recalled how hard she tried to vamp young Dave Bramwell when she first came to The Cove. Jane now lived just around

the corner from Anne's new home, and she made it a point to worm her way into the new house often enough to keep the curious posted.

As soon as this strange fact was known several persons tried to rent the main part of the house, Jim Daniel the new bank cashier went to see about it, as did L. W. Procter, the principal of the high school, and others. But to all alike, Anne shook her head and replied that the house was not for rent.

Jane kept the town posted as to the kind of furnishings and decorations Anne bought, and, as much as she was able, of the kind of life Anne lived in her little mansion.

But even Jane didn't know much about the life. She had no idea of what those rooms and furnishings meant to Anne. No one knew that Anne Morely was really two women: that while the physical Anne was cooking and eating in the cramped little basement apartment, the spiritual Anne was living with a phantom family in the rooms above—the family that would have been hers had it not been for Chateau-Thiery. While one of her selves nibbled toast in the basement kitchen, the other was smiling into Dave Bramwell's eyes across the table in the green and yellow breakfast nook upstairs and answering the questions of Anne Marie and Betty Jean and Dicky Boy and little Davy.

People who pitied Anne and thought how dreadful her loneliness must be, had no idea of the gay companionship she had with her phantom family. Every day they were doing something interesting and worthwhile. For instance, there were the anniversaries—days that are dreaded by most people left alone. Anne's family always made much of anniversaries. They never let a holiday pass without making it a day to be treasured in the memory. In the summertime Anne went with her family on wonderful excursions and camping trips, during which she and Dave taught the children about the wonders of nature, while they themselves lived again—happy occasions of their courtship—evening walks under a softly smiling summer moon, long drives in the coolness of shaded canyon roads, hours of day-dreaming on the banks of a splashing stream.

To be sure there were times when living this dream-life fell far from satisfying Anne's soul. There were times when her whole being cried out in protesting anguish against the empty cup Life had given her; when she yearned for the physical companionship of those dear ones who rightfully belonged to her. Yet the fancied companionship helped to fill up that hideous hopeless void which had enveloped her when the news of Dave's death had sent her mind slipping into helpless misery.

The coming of the Masons into the old Saddler place next door to Anne, helped to make her phantom children real. She was scarcely aware that she had some new neighbors until Jane Stoker reminded her one day. Jane was always running in to borrow a cup of sugar, or a box of matches.

"I imagine you are going to be pestered to death by those Mason kids," Jane had volunteered. "They were even over walking on my fence yesterday. And the littlest boy was almost coughing his head off. I couldn't help wondering if he didn't have TB too. They say the mother is nearly dead with it—and her husband can't be located anywhere. He went some place to try to find work the day they moved in."

After Jane had gone, Anne went upstairs to go through the daily

routine of sweeping and dusting the rooms in which her phantom family lived. When she was through she sat at the desk in the study to go over again the Christmas list she always wrote out, designating specifically the gifts for each member of the family. Last night's snowy blizzard had made her decide that Dave should have a fur overcoat. His long trips into the country to show real estate bargains to prospective buyers, must be made as comfortable as possible. She added also an electric stove to the list of toys for Anne Marie and Betty Jean. She had seen such a cunning little electric range in the electric shop yesterday when she had gone to pay her light bill—all fitted up with tiny cooking utensils to match. Any little girl in the world would go into ecstacies over such a gift. As she sat wondering what to add to the list for Dicky Boy and Davy, she was suddenly startled by the frightened scream of a child. It seemed to come from just outside her window. She went to the window in time to see a rosy faced youngster of about four years, flounder to his feet in the deep snow by the fence which separated her grounds from the Saddler place.

The little fellow had evidently fallen from the top of the fence. That he was not hurt was apparent when he laughed merrily as the faces of another little boy and a little girl appeared over the top of the fence.

"Come on over," he shouted. "Let's make our snow man over here. See how deep and clean the snow is."

The other children looked apprehensively first at the big house, then back at the squatty little shack on their own side of the fence. In a moment, however, they scrambled down on Anne's side and began rolling huge balls of snow for the arms and legs and head of the figure they were creating.

Anne sat watching as if fascinated. Strangely the three children were fusing themselves into the children of her dreams. The littlest one, whose accident had brought the others, the little tad with such chubby arms and legs and rosy cheeks, was Davy. Anne trembled at the thought of gathering his plump little body into her hungry arms. The tall slender lad who worked so fast and who had already erected a huge trunk for the snow man, that was Dicky Boy; while the little girl with brown curls straggling out from her torn stocking cap, was Betty Jean.

Anne thrilled as she listened to their chatter and watched the snow man grow from two unequal stumps of legs to a fat grotesque figure with his small round head decidedly on one side of his shoulders because Dicky Boy could not reach high enough to set it in the middle.

The children were dancing gleefully about their masterpiece, singing "Jolly Old Snow Man," when another head appeared over the fence. Anne gave a little start. She had become so absorbed in watching the three children that she had forgotten Anne Marie—but there she was, of course, blue-eyed and pink-cheeked and with a voice as soft as a bell.

"Say, whatever are you doing over here?" she asked with consternation. "Come right back over this fence. Don't you know what Mrs. Stoker told us the other day about that awful old maid who lives in that house?"

Strangely enough, Anne did not even wince at the words. It did not occur to her that the unlovely

reference was to her. But her eyes blurred and she sighed as the children scrambled back over the fence, casting reluctant glances back at the snow man they were deserting.

Anne went down stairs, but she was soon back again peering from one of the east windows to see if she could catch a glimpse of the children. From that day she lived upstairs. Neither of her basement windows commanded a view of the old Saddler place, and she grew to count time by the things she saw the children do.

As the cold December days went by, Anne added many items to her Christmas list—warm coats and shoes and caps, and sleds and skates and snow shoes—always things for the children—her children whom she watched at play in the grimy yard across the way. Every movement, she followed with hungry eyes. She warmed and thrilled at their snow-fights, and when they rolled over and over in the snow until they looked like snow images themselves, she worried over the thinness and the shabbiness of their coats. Always when someone called them in she felt cold and lonely. Her old dreams no longer seemed real and satisfying unless she could see the children. Most of her time was spent watching at the windows that she might not miss a single glimpse.

Every morning she watched the two older ones—Anne Marie and Dicky Boy—trudge off to school, and she was always watching for them when they came home. Her mind tried to transform their shabby apparel to soft warm clothes and wraps into which she mentally helped them before she kissed them goodbye each morning at her own door.

As the days went by, her plans for Christmas took on tangibility—as they had never done before. Instead of merely dreaming of the Christmas tree as she had always done before, she found herself actually ordering one, and that same afternoon she was trimming it with the finest decorations to be found in Anderson and Midgley's. Item by item, too, she began to fill her Christmas list, always dreaming of the grand surprise of Christmas day. The day that the little electric stove was delivered she spent hours trying it out and hunting up dishes from her own childhood's treasures to add to the equipment.

To be sure there were times when actuality broke through this phantom world and Anne berated herself for an idiotic fool and cried over her empty, lonely life until her soul ached. Then she would gather her wretched senses and again fly for escape to the land of fantasy.

Each delivery man who brought a box or package exhibited ill-disguised curiosity.

"You must be expectin' a lot of company, Miss Moreley," Hank Moran remarked as he loaded the kitchen table with groceries a few days before the 25th.

Anne said nothing. She sensed how queer she was to others and avoided all possible contacts with the real world.

"By George, I bet you got the purtiest Christmas tree in town," Tom Kelly exclaimed as he brought in a huge box from Allen's new ready to wear store. "Jim Dykes told me to be sure to notice it when I passed the living room window. You sure must be expectin' to make somebody happy with all them things hangin' on it."

Again Anne made no reply, but as soon as Tom was gone she went into the living room and pulled down the window shades and spent

an hour sobbing beside the gay tree.

The next day, the day before Christmas, just as she was putting her last mince pie onto the pantry shelf beside the row of other pies and doughnuts and animal cookies and candied fruit and popcorn balls, she heard the door bell ring.

She hesitated a moment, then decided not to answer it—a usual custom with Anne—since everything she had ordered had been delivered. She couldn't endure this constant breaking of her illusion by the unknowing service men who came to her door, and the misery that followed.

The bell rang again, but Anne did not move.

In a moment she heard Jane Stoker calling at the kitchen door. Anne despised the nerve of the woman as, unbidden, she pushed open the door and entered.

"Anne, I brought you over a piece of my fruit cake for your dinner tomorrow." She was the only one of Anne's old acquaintances who still thrust her company upon the unresponsive woman. Anne had been expecting this intrusion since Jane must have seen the many deliveries brought to the back door. Jane, of course, had come for an explanation of this unusual occurrence. Anne was panic-stricken. There was no explanation. She had just let her dreams get the better of her. It was all evidence toward the insanity she knew people expected and which she herself dreaded. Jane would, of course, be the one to start an agitation to send her up to the mental hospital. If Jane could find out that Anne was preparing a Christmas for a family that was a mere creation of her mind, that would be enough.

Anne trembled as she emerged from the pantry, wondering how she was ever going to meet Jane's probing questions and quick searching eyes.

"I just brought you a piece of fruit cake," Jane repeated, sinking into a chair by the kitchen table. "But—my—you smell good in here, as if you are doing a lot of cooking yourself."

"Yes, I am," Anne admitted.

"Specting company, I suppose," Jane probed, her eyes shifting about curiously.

"W-h-y—er—yes."

"Some of your Aunt Hester's folks, I guess?"

"Yes," Anne assented eagerly.

"I always understood that she didn't have any folks besides you." "She didn't—that is not any near relatives," Anne floundered.

"You're going to have a Christmas tree, too, aren't you? Tom Kelly told me he bet it was the finest one in town. He sees all the trees, being as he delivers to everybody," Jane looked hintingly toward the half closed middle door, but Anne said nothing.

"I should have brought more cake—you having company," Jane went on. "I thought you'd be alone just as always."

"That's all right, and thanks," said Anne stepping to the pantry. "And I'd like you to try one of my mince pies." She stood holding the pie in her hand. Jane finally saw there was nothing for her to do but to get up and take it.

"I guess you haven't heard how Mrs. Mason is today?" she remarked, trying to think of some way of prolonging the call until she found some sort of answer to the riddle that was perplexing her. "They say she hasn't a ghost of a chance to get well and they still can't locate her husband. Mary Baxter was telling me. She says

it's just another charity case for the doctor to carry. Them children don't seem to realize how sick she is by the way they yell and screech around. I'd think they'd drive you crazy—livin' so close."

"No—no—they don't bother me," Anne said, picking up a dust cloth and beginning to wipe off a chair near her.

At last Jane walked away disappointedly, but more convinced than ever that someone ought to demand an examination of Anne Morely, and wondering what would be done with Anne's property when she was taken to the asylum.

Jane had no sooner closed the door than Anne sank into a chair beside the table and buried her face in her arms. No one could so cruelly break through her illusions as Jane Stoker. She shook with sobs. She was no longer a happy mother preparing a wonderful Christmas for her adored children. She was nothing but a queer, lonely old maid without one soul in the whole world who cared for her—and tottering on the verge of insanity.

The minutes ticked away and Anne's sobs became dry and hard. Why couldn't Jane leave her alone? she thought bitterly. What harm did it do to imagine she was a normal, happy woman?

Two or three times she tried to throw off her misery and to summon the genii of her imagination to shift the scenes, but this time she rubbed her Alladin's lamp in vain. Stark, barren reality remained staring her in the face. She wept on and on until her throat was dry and parched and her eyes were balls of flame.

The greyness of the afternoon deepened into gloom. Anne did not stir. She felt that she never wanted to see any of the things about her that must remind her of the flimsy happiness she had been trying to create for herself.

Then, all at once, she was startled by the sound of light running feet on the walk outside. Someone seemed to fly up the back steps. Before Anne could get up, the door flew open and a white-faced little girl appeared.

"Why—Anne Marie," exclaimed Anne, rushing toward the child. "What—"

The child started at the unusual name, but only for a second.

"It's my mother," she gasped. "Won't you come quick? She is coughing so hard—and blood is coming out of her mouth!" Frightened sobs filled the room.

"I'll call Dr. Baxter, then I'll be right over," Anne said, her mind suddenly washed of everything else.

In five minutes Anne was entering the dismal little shack on the other side of the fence. The sound of a wracking cough reached her ears as she hurried to the inner room. Four frightened children were clinging to each other, crying. In the dim light of one small electric bulb suspended from the middle of the ceiling, Anne saw a wasted little woman fighting for breath as blood oozed from between her pale lips.

As Anne approached the bed, a pair of dark eyes looked up at her. They were full of dread.

"You children go out into the other room until Dr. Baxter comes," Anne said tenderly. "I'll try to help mother."

The children obeyed.

Anne knelt beside the low couch.

"It was wicked of me not to have known—this—before," she lamented. Suddenly she saw herself as a blind, selfish woman, shutting out real life to hug a mere dream. "I have 'phoned to the doctor. He will be here right away."

The woman shook her head and tried heroically to control her coughing.

"It's no use," she gasped. "I'm —dying—but—I—can't die—my babies—."

The agony in the dark, sunken eyes burned into Anne's soul.

She was certain that the woman *was* dying. She feared that the doctor would be too late. For a moment panic seized her. She had been so long isolated from all real contacts with her fellow-beings, that she felt afraid and helpless now in this terrible crisis.

Then suddenly there came an answer to her unuttered prayer. The tumult inside of her grew calm. Like a flash, a vision of what her life should have been, of what she could make it to be, gleamed before her.

Gently she placed her hand on the clammy forehead.

"I am so sorry," she whispered. "I want to help you. What can I do?"

The sick woman looked searchingly into her eyes.

"It is the children," she gasped between coughs. "I—I—can't—leave them—but I—I know I am dying."

Anne knelt at the bedside. She was sure there was not a moment to lose if she was to give this stricken mother assurance and peace.

"Will you give your children to me? I have plenty. I already love them—as if they were my own. I live in the house next door. That will be their home. I will love them and care for them always."

There was pleading in her eyes and voice. The sufferer lifted one white hand and drew it across her forehead. She must assure herself that she was not dreaming. The hand fluttered down into Anne's.

"Say it again!" the weak voice whispered.

"I want to be a mother to your children," Anne repeated passionately. "I love them. I want them. Will you give them to me?"

The frail fingers pressed Anne's hand as the woman, seized with another fit of coughing, nodded her head.

Dr. Baxter opened the door. Hurriedly he began to open his bag, then with a glance at his patient, he slowly closed it again and came to stand mutely beside Anne.

A few moments later when the last flutterings of the tired heart had ceased, the doctor said huskily:

"A sad, sad case. I wonder what will become of the kiddies?"

Anne rose to her feet, unclasping the stiffening fingers from her hand.

"They are mine. She gave them to me and—I—I will love them and care for them always."

Dr. Baxter stared at her in amazement. As he looked searchingly into Anne's earnest eyes, he felt convinced that the complaint Jane Stoker had instituted would never go through, and yet he couldn't understand this sudden change.

It was Anne who broke the silence again, speaking with clear decision.

"Can you send someone to take charge of things here, Doctor? I'll take care of the expenses, but right now I want to get the children away from this—this sadness. I have their Christmas all ready for them over home." When Anne had gone into the other room and the doctor could hear her softly breaking the news of the mother's death and gently assuring the little ones that they still had a mother to care for them, he found himself rubbing his eyes, and wondering if he was so tired he could be dreaming, or if this were a new Anne Morely. "Well, well," he breathed, "the longer I live, the more sure I am that miracles continue in the world."

The World Disarmament Conference

By Blanche Kendall McKey

HOW bewilderingly contradictory is the world in which we live today! Discontent, unrest, social revolution with its accompaniment, hatred, nations actually at each other's throats, and yet the world is planning its first Disarmament conference. "Sardonic peace plans!" one is led to think.

Yet the conference itself is evidence of a crystallized desire, on the part of many people at least, to turn from war, and the mass support accorded it from the different countries of the world adds to the swelling proof that people are beginning to think in terms of peace. A Polyglot Disarmament Petition issued by the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom had obtained, nearly six months ago, a quarter of a million signatures from thirty-three British organizations. Twenty-four German and sixteen Swedish societies were not far behind. A World Disarmament caravan made up of members of the Woman's International League, headed by Mabel Vernon, former worker for the suffrage cause, made a tour of the United States from coast to coast soliciting signatures. At the close of the pilgrimage in early October thousands of petitions were presented to President Hoover.

The most optimistic cannot look upon current happenings and decide that the world is ready for peace. On the other hand, the most pessimistic cannot close his eyes to the significence of thousands of thoughtful citizens appealing to their respective Governments for reduced world armaments.

How slowly evolve great movements! 1914 saw the adoption of resolutions for world peace by the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. Woodrow Wilson's Eighteen Points were promoted in 1918. In 1920 came the League of Nations Covenant. The Multilateral Treaty for the Renunciation of War was signed in 1929. February 2, 1932, will see at Geneva the first World Disarmament conference. What the next international step along this line will be no one can definitely foresee.

May the conference in Geneva result in more friendly relations between nations and in the betterment of mankind by making possible the expenditure for constructive purposes of the millions upon millions of dollars now being lavished upon "defense."

Foreshadows

By Blanche Kendall McKey

Never burned more radiant,
The steady Christmas light!
Never sang more jubilant
Through the silver night
The herald of the centuries—
Like a trumpet blast—
"Lo! we see the dawning;
Peace shall come at last."

Old World and New World watching shadows flee;
Old World and New World stretching o'er the sea
Eager hands that grope to meet, hands that hope to clasp,
While the world-wide chorus rings: "Dawn of peace at last!"

Never burned more tenderly,
The little Christmas light;
Never tears more gratefully
Fell like snowdrops white
When Christmas thoughts go throbbing
Toward those whose scarlet flame
Flicked out with the battle cry:
"Democracy shall reign!"

Old World and New World thinking of the day
When, beloved, the soldiers grimly marched away;
Old world and New World thinking love will lave,—
Heaping Christmas roses on an Unknown grave.

Never bent so near to us
Bethlehem's bright star;
Yesterday's bold prophecy
Blooms in things that are;
Never rang so near our ears
The chorus now as then—
Angel chorus caroling
"Peace! Good will to men!"

Old World and New World shaking off the chain;
Old World and New World thinking love should reign;
Old World and New World straining through the night
Anxious eyes and eager hands toward a rising Light.

Never shone more steadily
The golden gleam—so still—
Like the radiant Christ-child's eyes
Watching things fulfil;
Never beat so fervently
Our hearts, with love grown bold,
Glimpsing through the candle light
What future years may hold.

Old World and New World bending heart and knee,
Worshiping more hopefully a shining Christmas tree;
Old World and New World, in spite of sin and stain,
Listening to the footsteps of an approaching Reign.

Bringing Home Christmas

By Lais V. Hales

"The time draws near the birth of Christ:
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

CHRISTMAS is the rarest, the strangest, the most popular festival of the year. The word Christmas is no older than the twelfth century but from time immemorial, under different names and at different times this festival has been celebrated. Its spirit triumphs over all obstacles; breaks down all barriers; flourishes in all countries and in all hearts. For the spirit of Christmas fulfills the greatest hunger of mankind.

Elements pagan and Christian, gay and grave, mystical and matter-of-fact, historical and legendary, all blended together make our modern Christmas. The green garlands, the marvelous tree, the mystic fire and lights, the spirit of giving and receiving, and customs many which still cluster about this big mid-winter feast descend to us from the pagan childhood of the race. Happy are they who know and garnish with ancient tradition this glorious holiday; for they are precisely those who enter abundantly into the kingdom of Christmas. Is there really anyone so dead in heart, so blind to the sunshine of happiness that he doesn't enter wholeheartedly into this day? "If so, gone for him are the simplest, finest, sweetest, most precious things in life. Gone for him is the spirit of youth and all the 'olden, golden glory' of the days gone by'."

Immemorial tradition has now irrevocably rooted the Holy Nativity in the heart of the cold and dark season of the year. As John Milton wrote, so the world is content to think:

"It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies."

In early days different dates and significance were attributed to the Nativity. There were even those who did not believe that Christ was born divine. To them Christmas was the commemoration of the spiritual birth of Christ, at the age of thirty, when a voice from heaven said, "Thou art my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." However, about the middle of the fourth century, December 25th was set aside by the Church in Rome for the observance of the physical birth of Christ. At first it was a purely spiritual festival. It was a fast of the senses, and a feast of the soul. But through contact with the festive environments in which it grew up it has become material, happy and merry, ruddy and lusty; though never to the exclusion of reverent remembrance of Him who came to bless and save mankind. Today we make the children happy in His name; we gather our friends about us as He loved to gather His, and share our bread and meat with them. The things of the mind concern us little on this day. It is the heartbeat that counts on Christmas. The same words are in every heart all over the world—peace, joy, good will to all men. To those who doubt the day and its message Edwin Arlington Robinson says—

"Though other saviors have in older lore
A legend, and for older god have died—
Though death may wear the crown it always wore,
And ignorance be still the sword of pride—
Something is here that was not here before,
And strangely has not yet been crucified."

The customs surrounding Christmas are deeply rooted in tradition. The use of evergreens at Christmas had its roots in the profound reverence of the ancients for all natural phenoment. To them nature was everywhere alive. The garlands were carried indoors because with them came a blessing and they were never used for decorative purposes in early days. Holly, ivy, mistletoe and rosemary became entwined about this festive day for various reasons. Holly wreaths, ivy, and mistletoe were hung in the home because of their protective and curative virtues. Kissing under the mistletoe may have grown out of the "Kiss of peace," which was practiced in the ancient Church, in token of the divine embrace of man in Christ, which made of believers one loving household of faith. Rosemary was used because of its insinuating perfume which released in the mind "long forgotten trains of thought."

The tree, in its modern form, with its dazzling lights, shining fruits and glistening fillets, was slow in coming, and was the growth of centuries. Very likely it came to be associated with Christmas through the legend which told how, on the night in which Christ was born, all the trees in the forest, despite snow and ice, blossomed and bore fruit. At first blossoming trees were used. The transition from the trees of natural bloom to those artificially decorated was made in Germany through Martin Luther. Today the Christmas tree in our homes is a symbol of Christ, as the Tree of Life who offers freely to all His gifts of light and life and wisdom.

Christmas Eve was the most hallowed night in all the year. The Yule Log burned on the hearth waiting for that moment of the Savior's birth when a great calm ensued, and Nature paused in reverent adoration. The log was kept burning through the twelve days of Christmas and its light was sacramental. It was a symbol of Christ as the light of the world. Thrice happy is the home that possesses an open hearth for a burning hearth fire is the living symbol of all the warm emotions and bright thoughts appropriate at Christmas time.

Charity to the poor was an essential element of Christmas. St. Nicholas, who grew out of a celebrated bishop who gave away his money secretly to the poor—particularly the young poor, became Santa Claus in the United States at the time of the Dutch settlers. Today he has recrossed the ocean and *"gained many adherents all the way from gloomy Scotland to sunny Australia. Santa Claus is the bright and ruddy incarnation of the Christmas spirit, whose dissolution is no more to be desired than the star-spangled figure of Uncle Sam."

Christmas bells are the crowning glory of Christmas. They reiterate the songs of the angels. A widespread custom in early days was to ring the bells at midnight on Christmas Eve—at the exact moment of Christ's birth. Coincident with His birth Satan was supposed to sicken and die. "The great bell was tolled for an hour before midnight, as it might have been for any person who was dying. This was known as the

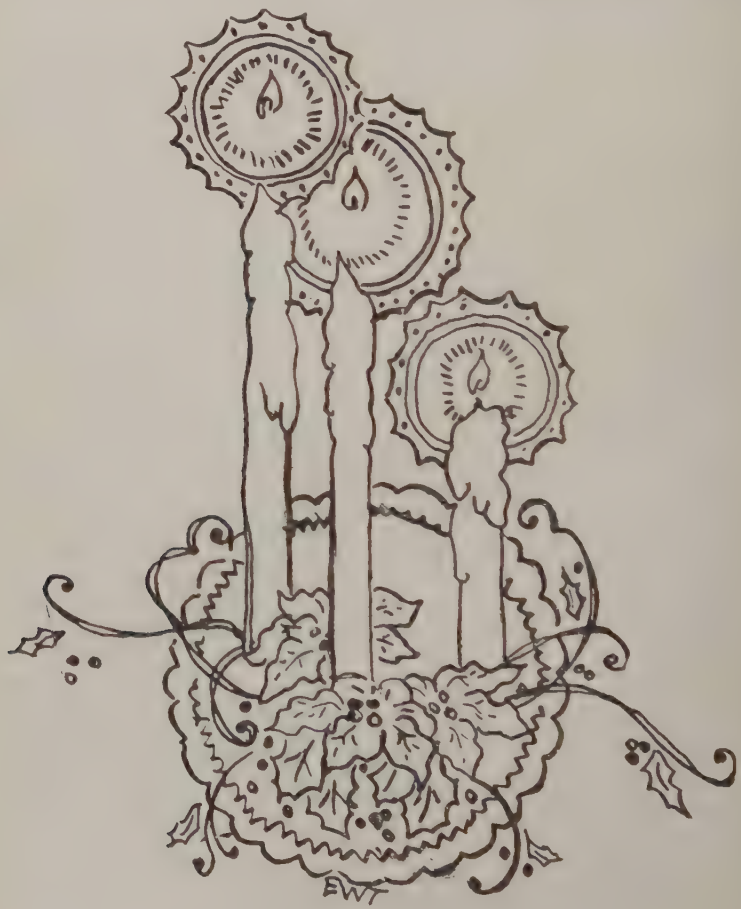
*"Christmas Traditions," W. M. Auld.

Old Lad's Passing Bell, Old Lad being a popular nickname for the Devil." In America today bells are with us more in symbol than in reality. But great changes are imminent. Church bells are notably on the increase and it will soon be possible to listen to the tones of Great Tom of Lincoln, Peter of York, the chimes of Old Trinity, and many others. Then old and young may say with John Keble—

"Wake me tonight, my mother dear,
That I may hear
The Christmas Bells, so soft and clear,
To high and low glad tidings tell,
How God the Father loved us well."

Yes, Christmas is the rarest, the strangest, the most popular festival of the year. Above everything it is Christ-mas. The Christ-child, and not the tree, nor the stocking, nor even Santa Claus, make it Christ-mas. And when all is said and done you might just as well try to "explain Christmas as the secret of a growing flower, the witchery of a laughing child," or "the love that casteth out fear."

"Strange that one simple story
Should rush across the years,
And blind us with its beauty,
And hush our deepest fears."



Christmas in Old Mexico

By Luacine Savage Clark

THOSE of us who spend our holidays in the States where Christmas is ushered in with snow flying and the merry jingling of bells, have no idea what problems must confront dear old Santa Claus in sunny Mexico, where snow is never seen only on the dizzy peaks of old volcanoes. In the first place, he would not need his sleigh—the eight tiny reindeer that prance and paw on our roof-tops would find plenty of space on the flat roofs of Mexico, but poor Santa could not find a chimney large enough to admit his rotund little body if he spent the night searching, for fire places in the houses are almost unknown. What a lot of scheming he did—but being the wise old Philosopher he is, he just hearkened back to the first Christmas long ago, when the shepherds watched their flocks under summer skies, and the first gifts were carried on the backs of three camels guided by a Star. At any rate the Christmas gifts to the little folks of Mexico are said to be brought to them by the Three Kings, who journey on camels, only these do not arrive until the 6th of January. I am sure to our little ones this would seem a very long time to wait for presents, but these little folks begin their fun days before we do, and are kept so busy they do not have time to worry about anything. Nine days before Christmas they begin the *Posadas,* as they are called in Spanish. *Posada* means an inn or lodging house, and the nine parties or *Posadas* are all symbolical of the efforts of Joseph and Mary to find a resting place for the night. At the time that the decree went forth from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be taxed, the Virgin Mary and Joseph went from Galilee to Bethlehem to be inscribed for taxation, but they found every place full, so were unable to find lodging. They were forced to wander around nine days without finding a place to stay in any house or tavern, but on the ninth day they finally found shelter in a manger where the Savior was born.

We were fortunate enough last Christmas eve to be invited to the home of an aristocratic old Mexican family on the ninth and last night of these interesting *Posadas.* We were told to be there at eight o'clock. Being Americans, we of course arrived on time—to find we were the only guests present. We were warmly greeted by two of the daughters and the father, a courtly old gentleman of the old school, all of whom spoke excellent English. Indeed, all of the old families of Mexico are equally at home speaking English, French, or Spanish.

The family spirit is very strong; all parties usually include the entire family from the tiny babe to the grandparents. On this evening, from time to time different members of the family would arrive, each one going first to the father, kissing him on both cheeks, and then shaking hands with the rest of the family or guests who were seated around the room. At ten o'clock, the mother came from upstairs; she was received with great ceremony by the thirty members of her large family, children and grandchildren who had finally arrived. Then the fun began.

The house was one of many facing on a court. Each person present was given a lighted candle; then we all went outside. We were told to form in line by twos and to march down the court. The host and his family who led the procession were singing or chanting a song telling of the trials Joseph and Mary had gone through begging for shelter day after day. As we marched, we stopped at each door, but no one would let us in. However, by the time the ninth door was reached, it was thrown wide open, and we were admitted. Joseph and Mary had at last found shelter. This night we call Christmas eve is called in Spanish *Noche Buena,* or good night. The song ends by singing praises to Mary and shouting hosannas to the king of the heavens who has come on earth to rule and reign. By this time, ten o'clock, we were all hungry and ready for the feast spread before us in the long dining room. All the courses, and there were many, were cooked in Mexican style. There were eight different kinds of *tamales,* a drink made from cereals with a terribly long Spanish name that tasted like our old-fashioned gruels of long ago, turkey, meats of all kinds, a delicious pink drink made from the Jamaica plant that tastes like lemonade, pies, tarts of all shapes and sizes, and lastly *dulces,* or candy, as we call it. After this delicious meal we were ushered outside again, where we saw a large jar hanging from a wire stretched across the court. It was gayly dressed in red and green tissue paper until it looked like a huge tropical bird poised in the air. We were told that this is called a *pinata,* and that each person present was to be blindfolded and try to hit it. There was great excitement among the younger ones, as each was blindfolded and handed the stick. To us standing in the rear, it looked a very simple matter, as the jar hung low and the stick was long. But as the person began to strike, the *pinata* was instantly raised as if by magic high out of reach, so of course the stick failed to do its duty. This continued until each one had a trial. When the last one tried, the magic left, the *pinata* remained in its place —the force of the stick broke the jar, and fruit, candy, nuts, goodies of all kinds were scattered over the court, and were quickly seized by the young ones present. Some of the children were eating lemons as if they were apples. I asked how they could stand the acid, and found the lemons are very sweet, so this was just another of the surprises one finds in romantic Old Mexico. By this time, all the clocks in the steeples were striking twelve, and we began our *buenas noches,* but we were told a program was still to come, so back we went into the *Sala,* or parlor. The Grandfather, our host, who was well over sixty and the father of this great family, sat down to the piano and played several selections from the old masters, besides some of his own compositions. As we had two tiny stockings to fill at home besides six larger ones to complete our own Christmas preparations, we succeeded in saying our final *Adios* and hastened home. When I opened my door, saw the Christmas tree shining in all its splendor, watched our good old-fashioned Santa Claus filling the different stockings, I wondered. While I couldn't say that our way is best it did bring to us more of the sweet memories of the Christmases where snow flies, and Santa comes with his sleigh and reindeer and, dropping down each chimney, leaves his gifts of good cheer and love for all.

How to Teach the Gospel at Home

Address Delivered at Relief Society Conference, October 1, 1931
By Elder Joseph Fielding Smith

THERE never was a time in the history of the Church when we have been surrounded by so many evils, temptations and conditions that allure and entice the children of Zion from paths of righteousness as we find today. It behooves each one of us to be on the alert, and constantly keep in mind the fact that we belong to the Church, and the Lord has given unto us the fulness of the Gospel with all its promises, and that it depends upon our faithfulness and our obedience and integrity to these principles of truth and to the Church whether or not we reap the blessings. The Lord, in an early day, had to rebuke some of the leading elders of the Church, because conditions were not as they ought to be in their homes. I wonder if most of us would not receive a like rebuke if the Lord should speak again in like manner. In the 93rd Section of the Doctrine and Covenants, the Lord says, "But I have commanded you to bring up your children in light and truth." All through these revelations we find this instruction that the parents are to bring up their children, to teach them in light and truth.

In another section, 68, the Lord says that if parents do not teach their children so that they will understand the principle of baptism, and teach them to pray, and to have faith in the principles of the Gospel, when they reach the age of accountability—8 years—that He will hold those parents responsible, and if their children, through lack of training, should grow up in ignorance of the truth, and deny the faith, that He will require it at the hands of their parents. So you see we all have a very grave responsibility.

The Lord said on this occasion to the elders:

"But I have commanded you to bring up your children in light and truth; But verily I say unto you, my servant Frederick G. Williams, you have continued under this condemnation; You have not taught your children light and truth according to the commandments, and that wicked one hath power, as yet, over you, and this is the cause of your affliction."

We sometimes wonder why we have affliction. We wonder why we do not have the best of health. From this which I have read we may very properly infer that affliction sometimes comes upon us because we ourselves are not faithful in the performance of duty, and in keeping the commandments of the Lord.

"And now a commandment I give unto you if you will be delivered, you shall set in order your own house, for there are many things that are not right in your house.

"Verily, I say unto my servant Sidney Rigdon, that in some things he hath not kept the commandments concerning his children; therefore, firstly set in order thy house.

"Verily, I say unto my servant Joseph Smith, Jun., in other words, I will call you friends, for you are my friends, and ye shall have an inheritance with me.

"I called you servants for the world's sake, and ye are their servants for my sake;

"And now, verily, I say unto Joseph Smith, Jun., you have not kept the commandments, and must needs stand rebuked before the Lord.

"Your family must needs repent and forsake some things, and give more earnest heed unto your sayings, or be removed out of their place."

That is just as binding upon us as it was upon these men who are here named. Although we are not mentioned, I may properly take that revelation to myself, and say it ap-

plies to me. You may apply it to yourselves, and say that the Lord has commanded me, has commanded you, and all of us, to bring up our children in light and truth. What light and truth? If you will read this revelation through you will find what light and truth is.

Our great Mutual organization has adopted as a motto "The Glory of God is Intelligence," and sometimes I have regretted that they stopped there. We have been teaching the people everywhere that the glory of God is intelligence and quitting in the middle of a sentence, and perhaps getting some misunderstanding out of it. But the Lord continues and says "or in other words light and truth." So, if we bring up our children in light and truth they will not be so much troubled with that evil one, because light and truth forsake him, and he has no place with light and truth. So that is a commandment that applies today, and is just as binding upon the parents in Israel now as it was when it was uttered one year after the organization of the Church.

In the 6th chapter of Deuteronomy, we have the word of the Lord as it was given to ancient Israel before the Lord would permit them to cross the river to possess their inheritance in the promised land.

"Now these are the commandments, the statutes, and the judgments, which the Lord your God commanded to teach you, that ye might do them in the land whither ye go to possess it:

"That thou mightest fear the Lord thy God, to keep all his statutes and his commandments, which I command thee, thou, and thy son, and thy son's son, all the days of thy life; and that thy days may be prolonged.

"Hear therefore, O Israel, and observe to do it; that it may be well with thee, and that ye may increase mightily, as the Lord God of thy fathers hath promised thee, in the land that floweth with milk and honey.

"Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God is one Lord:

"And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might.

"And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart;

"And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up.

"And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes.

"And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates.

"And it shall be, when the Lord thy God shall have brought thee into the land which he sware unto thy fathers, to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob, to give thee great and goodly cities, which thou buildest not.

"And houses full of all good things, which thou filledst not, and wells digged, which thou diggest not, vineyards and olive trees, which thou plantedst not; when thou shalt have eaten and be full;

"Then beware lest thou forget the Lord, which brought thee forth out of the land of Egypt, from the house of bondage.

"Thou shalt fear the Lord thy God, and serve him, and shalt swear by his name."

That was the word of the Lord to those people. The Lord was particular to tell them that they were to write it on the door posts; that they were to teach it morning, noon, and night; when they sat down in the house, at bed time, at rising time, as they walked forth they were to teach to each other, to their children, these things that Moses, by the inspiration of the Lord, told unto them that day. Why all of this? Why keep it that constantly before them? Because you know that when we are constantly reminded of a thing we do not forget it. It is easy to forget anything if it is only heard occasionally, but here these things were to be placed before them so they would see them, so they would hear them all day long, every day, that they were to keep the commandments of the Lord. Is not

that needed today, just as much as it was then? And is not modern Israel today following in the footsteps of ancient Israel?

We came into these valleys for one purpose. What was it? The primary purpose was to serve the Lord, to keep his commandments, to worship Him in spirit and truth without interference, according to the dictates of our conscience. That was the object which President Young taught the people; the elders taught it, and they were filled with the spirit of faith, and they guided the people, but as time went on other elements were developed; others came among us, other influences, and see what is the condition today. We are outnumbered by people who love money, who are not a God fearing people, they are people who love this world, the things of this world, the pleasures of this world, the wealth of this world, and their minds are set upon getting it, and we are following very largely in their footsteps to the displeasure of our Father in Heaven.

I am reminded of the commandment of the Lord given anciently, and also in this dispensation in regard to what shall be done in our homes, and I ought to have read another verse, in which the Lord says, in regard to the children of one man, that they should be more concerned in regard to home. Home was not attractive, and so the Lord said unto this man that his children should be more concerned about the things of home. Are our children concerned about the things of home today? They must go here, they must go there, they have this to do, they are not interested so much in staying home; and that is largely true of parents.

Now what is a home without the spirit of prayer? It is not a Latter-day Saint home. We should pray; we ought not to let a morning pass without thanking the Lord on our knees in the family circle, thanking Him for His blessings and asking for His guidance. We should not let the night pass away, should not retire until we have assembled the members of that family again and thanked the Lord for His protection, and asked for His guidance every day of our lives.

I go into homes where I am sure there is not the spirit of prayer—and good homes, that is, the homes of people who consider themselves pretty good Latter-day Saints. I travel up and down through these stakes with the rest of the brethren. I was staying at the home of a very good man, a man holding a prominent position in the Church. I was invited to stay at his home, and that night before we sat down to the evening meal all the chairs were turned around the table with the backs to the table. I knew what it meant—it meant prayer. We cannot fool a child. They could fool me, if I had gone there into that home and had seen that sort of thing, and they had invited me to kneel in prayer, and nothing had been said, I would have gone away with the impression that this was a custom in that house. But one little fellow in that home said, "Father what are you doing with all the chairs turned that way?" Well, if you think that was not a very embarrassing moment in that house, I assure you it was. What did I discover? That was not the custom, that was done because I was there, not because God was there. They did not place those chairs around that table for Him, nor in the spirit of worshiping Him, but because I had been invited into that home. I do not like people to honor me more than they honor my Father in Heaven. I have seen other cases, but I just mention this to you. Isn't

it a glorious thing in the home, when you come to the morning meal, when every child, and everybody there understands that the chairs are to be turned and we are to get on our knees and thank our Father in Heaven, and ask for His blessings. I have been in homes where they did not ask a blessing upon the food. Then at night, the same thing. I am pleased to say we do that in our home, and always have. I have a little neighbor boy whose parents are in the Church—a "Mormon" family—part at least. Sometimes he comes in our house just as we are ready to sit down to the table, and we all kneel and he looks at us in astonishment. We ask him to kneel with us, and he shakes his head, and does not know what it means. I know what it means—it means that that young boy is going to grow up without faith, and perhaps to be a menace in this community or wherever he goes, that is what it means. So we should have the spirit of prayer.

Let me call your attention to another thing. I think that perhaps fasting, that is true fasting, is one of the greatest things in this Church. We are taught by the Authorities in this Church that fasting should be from the evening meal until the evening meal the next day, and that Fast Sunday should be observed in the spirit of fasting and prayer—who does it? Ask yourselves that question.

Now we are making it easy. We are making it easy in many parts of the Church by making the Fast Meeting a part of the Sunday School, and then the people go home to eat, and the rest of the day what are they doing? If you know you know more than I do—but they are not fasting.

Now in practically every home today we have radios. We get all kinds of music and speeches—everything over the radio. Are we particular at all as to what we listen to? I know even in my own home, some of the children question and wonder why I take the attitude I do. It is an understood rule in our house that when a tobacco program comes on, the radio goes off, or they can turn it to some other station. But sometimes one of the members of my family will say, "Well Dad, what is wrong with the music, it is good music." That is all right, it may be good music, but I am not going to support or sustain a program coming from such a source as that in my house.

One of the influences in the home that leads to faith and prayer and proper religious understanding is to have in the home the standard works of the Church, not hidden, but where they can be found, on a table or some place where they are in evidence and can be referred to, where they will be seen, and then the members of the family ought to be invited from time to time to read them. I go into homes sometimes where they do not have these things. I always like to know, when I go into anybody's home and they have books, what kind of books they have. If I have been in some of your homes you know that. I take a look at the books you have, and find out what it is that you are reading. I am glad to say that in the majority of the houses I find books that can be approved. We ought to have the standard works of the Church, and we ought to encourage the reading of them.

We should be as careful about the music we have in the home, and where we have those who are musically inclined we should encourage it; but there are so many things I would like to say that I shall have to hurry on.

I want to say something about Sunday and its observance. If you

ever see me out in an automobile on Sunday on the streets of this city, or anywhere else, I want you to understand it that I am going to fill an appointment, and I am not going out for amusement. On the Sabbath Day, unless we have somewhere to go, that automobile stays untouched. No joy riding, running here and there, unless it is something where duty calls; because I think that the automobile, the enticement of it, is one thing that is drawing the people away from their duties in the home and in the Church on the Sabbath Day. Not so many years ago in this Church the meeting that was the best attended on good days like this was the Sunday afternoon meeting. It is still so in some parts, out in the country districts, but you go into the larger centers and this is no longer true. I know, because we have the reports. Where are the people? Not at meeting—not at home. Allured by good weather, sunshine, pleasant conditions, in automobiles to do that contrary to what the Lord has commanded them to do, and that is not bringing up children in the spirit of light and truth. And then, Sunday has become a holiday, not a holy day. Even among Latter-day Saints it is not observed, and the Lord is not pleased with us. I have said these things, and I might say a great many more.

In our homes do we talk before our children and critize the Bishop of the ward, or the President of the stake, or one of the General Authorities? Do we say things in their presence which ought not to be said? Do we make slighting remarks about the principles of the Gospel? If we do we are not bringing up our children in light and truth. Are we guilty of these little slight offenses in the home, and have been trying to teach our children to do something other than we do ourselves? If we do we are making a failure of it. In other words, to be frank, and I must not say much about the Word of Wisdom, do you teach your children that they must not drink tea and coffee, and then you do it yourselves? Do the fathers use tobacco, and then try and train their boys not to use it? It does not work, you cannot teach one thing and do another. Example is the way we teach the Gospel.

Do you play cards? I have been criticized very severely because I have said that members of the Church ought not to play cards. I was informed just a day ago that I had offended a whole stake of Zion because I said that they should not play cards, and yet what I said was what the President of the stake had asked me to say, because it was a growing evil in his stake. Do you play cards—do you do it in your home? Do you sit down with your children and teach them to play Bridge, or some other game (I do not know the names of the games)? Do you do that? If so you are not bringing up your children in light and truth, and you are not walking in it yourselves. I do not want to go into this matter and argue it, but good reasons can be given. I will give just one, and that is that the President of the Church said in the tabernacle about eighteen months ago in the conference of the Church, and pleaded with these people, and asked them to cease playing cards. He repeated it again later, and he was only asking you and all the members of the Church to do just what his predecessors, since the days of the Prophet Joseph Smith, have said and requested us to do. That is all. If anyone takes offense because I called attention to it, I am sorry. Do you do that in your homes? If you are doing it you are teaching your children by example,

and perhaps by precept, to disregard the counsels of the Authorities of the Church, the ones who have the right to speak. It is a disease, card playing. If you are doing that you are not bringing up your family in light and truth, and the Gospel of Jesus Christ cannot be in your homes because the spirit of the Lord is not going to be with me or you if we do not hearken to the counsel of the Priesthood when they speak by inspiration to the Lord. Who should be offended at what I have said? And yet people go away sometimes offended when I talk like this, and say it is none of my business whether they play cards or not. Perhaps not—I am only giving advice and counsel.

Our duty is to set proper examples. I know families where the parents wonder why it is their children turn away and are disobedient, and will not walk in light and truth. I know why. It is because the parents themselves have set them the example. They themselves have not been faithful. Do your children go to the Sacrament service? Yes, if you do, very likely. If you do not, why of course they do not. They do what you do, they follow you. To the little child his father is the most perfect being in the world—and his mother also. Oh, if we could only keep them thinking that, but they grow up, and when they get old enough to begin to reason things out for themselves, then they see that we are two-sided—that we have one face for the public and one for him, and we destroy forever his confidence in us, and his confidence in the world. That is what we do.

How many of you parents go to the picture shows on Sunday and take your children? I do not suppose anyone here does, but there are those who do it. I travel around in the stakes, and when the conference is through, and I can get a train home on Sunday night, I come home, because there are so many things to do, and if I can get home on the train I do not think the Lord is going to find fault with me for doing so, but I get on these trains in the summer time and when we stop at Lagoon I see fathers and mothers with their lunch baskets and their children. Some of them I recognize are members of the Church. Are they bringing up their children in light and truth? Are they going to have the spirit of the gospel in their hearts, or are they going to turn away from the truth? I know just what is going to happen, and who is responsible, and who is going to answer for it—the parents.

I do not want to speak of myself, but I believe in teaching this Gospel by example, and I do try to set it in my home. If the members of my family do not follow, it is not because I have not set the example—I assure you of that.

I have talked longer than I had a right. The Lord bless you, my sisters. Think these things over, and you set the example; build up and strengthen the members of the Church in faith in God; goodness knows we need it. There are so many influences at work to divide us asunder, right among the members of the Church, and there is going to come, one of these days in the near future a separation of the wheat from the tares, and we are either wheat or tares. We are going to be on one side or the other. Think it over. The Lord bless you. I appreciate this opportunity. I have a great deal of regard and admiration for this organization, I think it is wonderful—the work you are doing. There is nothing like it in the world. May the Lord be with you I pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

The Green Chair

By Vesta Pierce Crawford

WITH Edna it was a case of love at first sight. The green chair stood modestly in a clutter of elaborate mohairs and velours. It was a medium-sized, well built piece of furniture, soft green, with a small design in sand-colored threads.

Edna thought of the front room in her house with the tan and rose rug her father had given her and the new wall paper that harmonized with the rug. The chair would match beautifully. She ran her slender fingers over the material. It was a new fabric, not tapestry, but a more attractive and durable modification.

At the clerk's invitation, Edna sank down luxuriously into the cushioned depths. She sat there and thought how desperately she needed the chair. The front part of the house was a combination parlor and dining room, and there wasn't anything in it but some very necessary second-hand articles, a shabby table, and one leather-seated, uncomfortable rocking chair which was the only approach to elegance. But *this* new chair set in her room with the rose and tan wall paper and the tan marquisette curtains—this chair would transform the place!

Almost breathlessly she found herself going into the credit office. She would have to buy the chair on time as she had bought the bedroom set and the washing machine. When the pen was in her hand, just before she signed the contract she thought about John. He hadn't wanted her to buy any living room furniture. Still he had said that the household budget allowance was hers to distribute as she thought best. Edna thought it best to buy the chair. She could save the payments out of the budget, and all the time while she was paying for it the chair would stand in her house regally. She would say when friends came, "Try this chair. It is very comfortable!" And they would exclaim, "What a lovely chair! What beautiful material!" And she would smile and be ever so proud of this one and only bright spot in the bare room. How she would smile.

But what about John? She had told him that she had decided to buy a chair before Katherine came to visit. Katherine was her very best friend. She lived a thousand miles away and Edna had not seen her in seven years. She must have the green chair for Katherine to sit in. If she did that the chair would have to be purchased before John came home. He was in the mountains vacationing with the Boy Scouts. It didn't matter anyway. No one could fail to like the chair. And the budget would pay for it.

"Here," said the clerk. The small hand that for seven years had kept John's house wrote in small upstanding letters, "Mrs. John Harrington." Three dollars a month would pay for the chair and it would be delivered Friday. Saturday Katherine would come.

All the way home on the street car and all that day Edna thought about the chair and decided to put it in the corner between the window and the fireplace so that it would be the very first thing seen when the door was opened. Perhaps then, the guests, looking at the chair, would

not notice the utter bareness of the other part of the room.

Friday the chair was delivered and it was even more wonderful than it had appeared in the store. Blending in with the wall paper and curtains, it was lovely. When the sunlight fell across the sand-colored threads nothing could be more charming.

Katherine would be the very first guest to sit in it. Katherine, who had tramped with Edna on early morning hikes when the college biology class went out to see the birds; Katherine who had helped her make a pink taffeta dress for the Junior Prom; Katherine who had sat with her on winter evenings, after school-teaching days, sewing fine linen things for hope chests.

And then it all seemed as if it were not seven years ago at all, for Katherine stood in the doorway, her blue eyes shining. She was wearing a blue crepe dress and a blue felt hat. Katherine, the very Katherine of the old days.

"You look just the same," she said, critically surveying Edna's slim small form, her black eyes and unruly blonde hair. "You haven't changed a day."

"Oh, but I have. You should see my boys! Two of them and they are terrors! Charles! Johnnie!" she called at the back door. "Sit here, Katherine, in this green chair."

"Cozy! What a comfortable chair, and just beautiful, too," Katherine said, sinking down into the cushions. Your home is just lovely!"

After a moment Katherine went back out to the car. "My girls must see your boys. It won't take them long to get acquainted."

When Edna told Katherine that John was away for the week, she immediately suggested that Edna and the boys go with her to her mother's house and visit there until John returned. It would be so satisfying. No household cares for either of them.

There was a flutter of preparation, rompers to fold and stockings to collect, fat little bodies to bathe and shoes and shirts to fasten. Katherine's blue-eyed girls, shy and eager, waited for the boys to get ready. Edna patted the green chair just before she locked the door. On the dressing table in the bedroom was a note for John saying that they would all be back before he was expected. She didn't mention the green chair, but at the end of the note she wrote, "With love, Edna."

The days slipped by swiftly, filled with canyon rides and hours of reminiscing, when Katherine and Edna, sprawled comfortably on the cool porch, tried to imagine that they were girls again. Almost oblivious to the children playing on the lawn, the mothers talked about school examinations and "dates" made under the campus trees.

On Friday Edna went home. Followed by the youngsters, she walked up to the front door and unlocked it. Then she stood still in astonishment. The green chair had vanished. It wasn't there! Frantically she ran through the other rooms. There was no green chair. Someone had stolen it! Dumb with amazement, she sank down on the creaky old couch and tried to realize the situation. The chair was stolen.

But that was impossible. Burglars did not steal chairs. Imagine a burglar carrying out a chair and escaping in the night. It wasn't possible. No burglar had taken the chair. In an instant of sickening dread she knew what really had happened. John had come home

and *he* had sent the chair back to the store.

She cried out as if someone had struck her. "He had no right!"

The boys stood by with wonder in their eyes. Mama was crying. Only bad little boys cried, or frightened little girls. Not grown-up mamas.

"Go outdoors to the sandpile and don't come in until I call you," she managed to say, pushing them out in confusion.

Back down on the couch she sobbed. "He had no right!"

Her head whirled with strange jumping thoughts. He hadn't wanted her to buy furniture. He had said that they would have to wait until the depression was over, until his work was more sure. But he had said that the household budget was hers. Hers. And again she sobbed, "He had no right!"

There was a step on the porch. John had come home early and had been to work that day. In an instant he would open the door. What would she say? It was beyond endurance.

John opened the door. There was only cold surprise in his face as a red-eyed, tumble-haired wife approached and barred the way, her small figure tense, all composure gone.

"The chair!" she cried, "the chair!"

John took off his hat with aggravating deliberation. He was very collected.

"I sent the chair back to the store. You can't use my name to run in debt."

"But I've bought on time before. Why is this sudden change in policy. The budget was mine. You had no right!" She was furious.

"I didn't want you to buy furniture and you knew it. You cannot run bills without my consent."

Cruel! Imperious beyond measure. It was not endurable. Edna flung herself into the bedroom and locked the door. No man had a right to do such things. She would take her boys and leave.

Then she looked out of the window. There they were in the sandpile and their father with them. Baby Charles was on his back, a bucket of sand in each outstretched hand. Johnnie cried in wild delight, "Giddap horsie, giddap!" Starved for their father, they were.

Edna passed a red hand over her face. She could pack up and go but she couldn't take the boys. One could endure hard things for two fine boys.

"I'll stop crying," she said. "I won't say any more about it. The children must not know."

In the days that followed Edna wavered between grief and resentment at the loss of the chair and a burning new resolve that she would possess it again.

John was very considerate. He sprayed the roses and pruned the cherry trees and put screens on all the windows. He called Edna his "bonnie blonde belle."

And once he talked to her seriously about the chair and said that they couldn't run in debt any more because times were hard and he might lose his work any time. One couldn't risk having his name blackened because he couldn't pay his bills. Edna could buy the green chair when she had saved enough from the budget.

By that time the chair would be gone, she thought bitterly, for it would take more than a year of ordinary saving to buy it. Another whole year when already for seven years she had been mistress of a house that contained not one comfortable chair.

How she wanted that chair! The determination hardened. She would have it by Christmas time. She would not take chances on waiting a year for it. Christmas was six months away. By then she intended to have the chair. But how?

She stretched the budget in every possible way. She burned less coal, bought cheaper cuts of meat, and forgot to varnish the kitchen floor.

The idea had become an obsession. By Christmas she would possess the chair. It happened that a neighbor wanted some cleaning done. She remodeled a dress for the woman who lived next door. Her sister sent her five dollars that she had borrowed weeks before. The little horde of savings increased. By Christmas she would have the green chair. She would not buy John the silk shirt he really needed for dress-up times. The children would have to get along with roller skates instead of tricycles. They wouldn't have a feast, just a plain Christmas dinner. She wouldn't buy a new dress. Instead of these things she would have the chair.

Two days before Christmas, hiding her pride, she went again to the furniture store and asked for the clerk who had served her at first.

"I have the money now. I want to buy the green chair. I will pay cash for it."

"Sorry," he said, "We sold the chair only yesterday."

Blindly she walked out into the snowy street. Holly wreaths and toys brightened the store windows and decorated evergreen trees lined the streets. But she saw nothing. The chair was gone. She would go back to the drabness of the house and no glory would come into it. There never could be another chair like that one—and it was sold. Someone else had it. And she had saved! How she had worked and saved!

Then as she walked through the deep snow and the cool white flakes struck her cheeks, calmness came over her, calmness and a regard for the practical things of the moment. She might as well get the silk shirt and the tricycles. She would buy a wine-colored dress and food for a real Christmas dinner.

Christmas morning comes all too soon for parents, but for children its advent approaches on leaden feet. The boys shouted joyfully from the tree in front of the fireplace before Edna had opened her sleepy eyes. "Tricycles! Tricycles!" they called. "Father! Mother! Tricycles."

She put on the wine-colored dress and pulled a comb through her tangled blonde hair. A merry light came into her serious dark eyes. "Hurry, John," she said, "It is already Christmas morning!"

Beneath the tree stood the boys looking up into the foliage where mysterious looking packages hung from the boughs.

But Edna scarcely saw them, for there, between the window and the fireplace, was the *green chair*. The very chair that she had wanted for so long. The chair that had made her unhappy for half a year.

Wide-eyed, she stared in amazement. "John, it has come back! The green chair!"

"It is yours, Edna," he said, "and it is paid for!"

She sank down into the cushions. "Oh, John," she said, "you are the best man in the world!"

And seeing him there in the candle light, with dark head thrown back and his blue eyes flashing, she realized that there was more glory in the room than ever the chair had brought.

Let Us Be Charitable

By Emma A. Empey

IN these days of unemployment and economic distress, the Relief Society will no doubt have a heavier burden to carry this year than ever before. Many who have heretofore been self-sustaining and have even had a savings account sufficient to tide them over a short period, have been out of employment so long that their savings are exhausted and unless work is provided for them, they will be under the necessity of receiving assistance. All charitable agencies throughout the country, both public and private, are facing the same condition, and like the Relief Society, are making a brave effort to meet the situation.

It is evident that steps should be taken simultaneously, first, to create and provide work, secondly, to raise increased amounts for charitable relief. The Woman's Utah State Committee on unemployment is recommending that women, wherever possible, create work for women in and about their homes, and wherever possible Relief Society women will no doubt cooperate with and lend their support to this movement.

Because everything seems insecure today, many people whose financial circumstances have not changed or been interfered with in the least, through fear are giving up help in their homes or are reluctant to call in special help in cases of sickness, not realizing that they are thus contributing to the unemployment situation. Such people should be encouraged to provide and increase employment wherever possible.

All welfare agencies throughout the country, including the Relief Society, are facing a shortage of funds due to the fact that some who have faithfully contributed in the past are now finding themselves less able to give, and others, through fear and apprehension, are cutting down their contributions, even though their circumstances have not changed. It is the duty of Relief Society women generally to look ahead and make plans to increase the charity fund of the organization to their utmost during this time of depression. The first step in this direction would be for each woman to decide on a definite amount to contribute monthly, and the second step should be to see that this amount reaches the officers of the organization. It sometimes happens that the family is not at home when the Relief Society teachers call, or it might be that at the moment there is no change on hand. In either case, it is important that the family's intended donation should reach the Relief Society secretary-treasurer.

The unique plan recommended in the article, *The Old Teapot,* in the October, 1931 number of the *Magazine,* would be an excellent one to follow. In the April, 1931 Conference, Counselor Amy Brown Lyman called attention to the fact that the average contribution per Relief Society donor for the year of 1930 was $1.50, or 12½c per donor per month. This average is entirely too small. While this amount would be a liberal contribution for many, and, like the widow's mite, is as acceptable as any contribution could be, still the fact remains that many are able to give more. It would be commendable at this time especially

to encourage the children in the family to save their pennies and add them to mother's donation. This would serve a two-fold purpose—it would add to the funds and would teach the children not only unselfishness but sympathy for those less fortunate than themselves. This plan would also teach children the order of giving through organized charity, which method was advocated by the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Let us all open our hearts and give liberally in this great time of need.

MADONNA OF THE CHAIR *Raphael*

The Spiritual Life of the Children

By Matilda Peterson

AS a person looks out of the north windows of our beautiful State Capitol, she has but to lift her eyes, and there, only a mile or so away, she sees a massive rock profile on the lofty mountain slope west of Ensign Peak. This majestic formation has, through the work of mother nature's playfulness, been thrown together in such a position as to resemble the features of a human countenance.

In gazing upward at the structure planned by mother nature, one readily compares it to the "Great Stone Face" in the narrative written by our noted American Author, Nathanael Hawthorne. And what was the Great Stone Face?

Hawthorne describes it as an enormous giant, or a Titan, who had sculptured his own likeness on a mountain which helped to inclose a spacious valley containing many thousand inhabitants. There was the broad arch of the forehead; a hundred feet in height; the nose with its long bridge; and the vast lips, which, if they could have spoken would have rolled their thunderous accents from one end of the valley to the other.

It was an inspiration for the children to have the Great Stone Face before their eyes, for all the features were noble, and the expression was grand, yet sweet. A mother and her little son sat at the cottage door gazing and talking about the Great Stone Face. The lad came to love it, and loving it grew to be like it.

Here the author gives us a picture of a boy growing up under the influence of high ideals. Such is always the results of companionship with the great and good, and the story with its underlying allegory is an incentive, not only to the young, to seek that which is noble, but to those who are responsible for the training of the young, to see that right environment is provided for their charges.

This brings us to the home, the school, and the church—three great institutions which have to do with the shaping of the child's future. Each of these institutions has its contributions to make. But it is in cooperative endeavor that they should bring to bear upon the child's life the very best they have that will develop the finest character in the child. Both parents and teachers are agreed that the true aim of education is character. So today we are hearing a great deal about character building through religious education.

In order that we may know something of what the leaders in the great educational profession are doing, something of the problems which are considered most vital in the development of child nature, the writer brings to readers of this magazine a few of the outstanding features of the Deparment of Superintendence and allied organizations of the National Education Association held in Detroit, Michigan, the third week of February, 1931.

The theme, in general, of this great meeting was that of character education, or training for citizenship. Perhaps never before in the history of the organization was the

spiritual life of the child given so much prominence.

"Education and religion belong together. In the development of the highest type of character, religion is necessary. Therefore, the place of religion in education is of supreme importance. It is the business of the schools to teach morals, but it is the work of the church to teach religion. We are coming increasingly to see that religion is a vital element in human experience; that in the motivating of conduct and in the determining of character there is no greater force. This being so, religion cannot be disregarded in the process of education. We can not survive as a people unless we develop spiritually."

One of the most impressive and inspiriational sessions of the Convention was the Sunday Vesper Service. Upon this occasion, the noted theologian, Dr. Lynn Harold Hough, addressed the assembly upon the spiritual life of the children. Space does not permit a detailed report of this wonderful sermon. A few excerpts, however, are given below:

"A child must learn that the universe is friendly. He must come to know that it can be trusted. He must learn that truth and loyalty and love belong to the ultimate structure of things. And all this must be said in words which he can understand. If he heard young communists in Russia talking of the importance of finding cosmic support, he would not at all understand what they meant. But if he were told of a good and friendly Father of the human family he would understand quite well."

"There are clouds and storms in the child's sky as well as in the sky of maturity. And as soon as a curious boy begins to question he is ready for the thought of the Great Friend, the Giver of all, who brings good out of evil and makes that which is good even better than it is.

The spiritual life is the constant fellowship of good thoughts. At its highest it is fellowship with good thoughts made personal as they shine upon us from the face of God. Children are quite capable of seeing and understanding that face.

Coming back to our illustration of the "Great Stone Face", we are reminded again of the author, who once said, "Children can understand anything but hypocrisy." And it is at least true that children can respond to a noble spiritual interpretation of life.

The "Great Stone Face" typifies this thought. In the narrative we discern that solidarity, permanence, fortitude, strength, stability, and many other noble characteristics influenced the boy's life until he reached his *goal*. Such a foundation must be built for the children of the present day. Perhaps there is no better way to establish this strong hold than through religious training. Recognition of the need for such preparation is evident.

In the section of "Religious Education" of the Convention, Supt. F. M. Shelton of Springfield, Ohio, said this:

"The fact that a majority of our boys and girls have been receiving no religious training has been a matter of concern to many thinking people. A number of plans have been tried to correct this situation. The most widely adopted is that of week day religious instruction on 'released time'. In general, the testimony of public school principals and teachers is to the effect that the pupils who attend the weekly religious instruction stand as high

in their school work as those who are not enrolled. They cite many specific cases both of individuals and classes in which the religious instruction received has manifested itself in higher moral standards of thinking and acting."

Much depends upon parents and teachers. Is it not incumbent upon us, that instead of "Growing up we grow down into perpetual understanding of childhood". The person who does that will be surprised to find the still depths of spiritual perceptiveness which lie waiting to be stirred far below the surface of the life of a child. Of course, she will not find maturity, but she will find the tiny seeds from which maturity grows. Let us then plant such seeds that will reap a harvest likened to the character of the "Great Stone Face."

"Think truly and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed."

The Short Story

An address given at the April Relief Society Conference
By Juliaetta B. Jensen

WE have indeed been fortunate during the past year in our literary work in the Relief Society. We have taken imaginary voyages into foreign lands. In this sense we have lost some of our provincialism and have become citizens of the world.

With Auper and Bata we entered that very interesting and unique country, Egypt. We got a glimpse of beliefs and customs at the time of the great Pharaohs. Then across the Mediterranean we went to Greece and Rome. This literature is of vital importance because it is a part of our literary inheritance which has been echoed all down the ages in the best of our literature.

To the Eastward lies the Holy Land, the scene of many of our Bible stories. Hebrew literature is our other great ancestor. From the Bible we get not only the foundation principles of our spiritual life, but from it we also get our very conception of literary form.

The Bible has greatly affected the style of many of our greatest writers. The principle of parallelism, as well as some of the poetic beauty of the Bible, will be seen in "Silence—A Fable" by Poe

Our next study was the short stories of Great Britain. One of these was of great importance—"Beowulf." It is a product of our pagan ancestors, the Anglo-Saxons whose splendid qualities made them easy converts to Christianity when it was later brought from Rome.

In Beowulf we find many of the qualities for which we stand today; ideals that have been handed down to us: courage in facing the battles of life; love of glory, and a longing to be worthy of remembrance after death; reverence for womanhood; love of home and children in spite of the fact that they were sea-rovers; and service to our fellowmen. Beowulf gave his life for his people.

Of the present day short story writers in England, and in the world, none stands higher than Rudyard Kipling. In "The Brushwood Boy," "They," and "Without Benefit of Clergy" he has given us delicate masterpieces.

The French writers, with Maupassant and Merimee, come close to our greatest writers in the mastery of the technique of the short story. The French are naturally artistic and they have been trained all their lives in Greek and Roman literature hence the short story technique comes easily to them.

The German short stories are less known, but the germ of one of them has glorified Germany, that is the story of Faust. Many versions of it existed during the Middle Ages, but it was the great Goethe who expanded it and immortalized it.

We have the Italian story for June, "The Falcon" from the Decameron by Boccaccio. This is the most famous ancient collection of stories that are short. The influence of these stories cannot be overestimated.

Beyond these yet lie the Russian short story which I trust we shall enjoy as much as we have the others. The Russians have led the world in their great novels and short stories.

The majority of the stories we have studied so far are not modern short stories, but they have played an important part in the evolution of the modern short story. Hence our study so far forms an important background.

We must make a distinction between stories that are short and the modern short story. The ancient stories that are short were told chiefly for entertainment. The writers were not conscious of any definite rules, or of any artistic purpose.

The modern short story is a distinct literary type which America is credited with having given to the world. It is our only contribution of a distinct literary type. We should be proud of such a contribution.

Literary masterpieces of first order in the short story were rare before Poe. It was Edgar Allen Poe who first formulated the principles governing the short story. They came as an outgrowth of his theory of poetry. He formulated them while making a study of Hawthorne's "Twice-Told Tales."

If the short story is our contribution to literature and if we have produced some of the great writers of the short story, what a treat still awaits us in our study of the American short story. I think we shall feel more at home with our own stories, and I am sure we shall find such a rich field that we shall be asking our General Board to extend the time in which we may continue our study of this interesting field. One year on the American short story is not enough.

The modern short story has come to meet a definite need. Modern life is so full, that we have little leisure time. The short story can be read at a sitting, or while on the train going to and from work.

Jessup and Canby say, "There are causes, artistic and otherwise, for the present blossoming of the short story, causes which in themselves differ from those which have made the novel flourish. In a time of much writing, tastes are quickly jaded, and the short story because it is *terse, striking, highly colored,* and somewhat new, meets with quick applause. Its brevity is of advantage, for many people can be made to swallow good literature in a pill who reject it in larger doses."

Modern readers have cultivated tastes and demand that the stories shall not be short only, but they demand artistic effect and perfection of technique. The same may be said of the one-act play.

The modern short story does not tell all. It suggests much, and leaves something to the imagination. This is a point in its favor.

While there is some leniency in writing stories, yet critics are agreed that writers must conform to certain conditions. Definiteness of structure gives definiteness of impression.

Maximum of effect with minimum of material and effort is a modern creed in many phases of life as well as in literature. If one is to accomplish this in the short story an exacting art is necessary.

As my illustrations I have chosen "Silence—A Fable," by Poe; and "The Hollow of the Three Hills," by Hawthorne.

(These were reviewed in about six minutes to each story.)

May we as teachers plunge eagerly into this work. When we appear before our groups to present a lesson, we should be so full of our subject that we cannot present the half of it. The greater our knowledge, the greater our love will be for the work, and the greater will be our ability to inspire others.

Our study of the short story should broaden our sympathies for all nations and all people, it should deepen our understanding of life and its purposes, and it should give us glimpses of the divine.

May this be our happy lot, and may our Heavenly Father bless us that we may be teachers in very deed. I ask it. Amen.

Louise

By Annie D. Palmer

THE baby will die."

"Thank heaven."

It was a nurse at the Fifth Street Maternity Hospital who gave the message over the telephone, and the mother of Louise who paused in the rush of packing her trunk to make the reply.

A half hour later the mother of Louise was speeding across the continent to the bedside of a son who was dying, while in the hospital on Fifth Street they placed a helpless mite of humanity in the arms of the girl who lingered perilously on the brink of the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

A faint smile brightened her face and an instinctive movement of her arms enfolded the new born babe, and then she lapsed again into semi-consciousness which lasted so long that even the nurse gave up, and carried the baby back to the nursery.

Days followed in which the balance hung so even that it seemed as though a smile might lift her back into joyous life or a look of doubt tilt her far on into eternity. Much of the time they left the frail little baby at her side where she might gaze upon it while it slept. For no one was heartless enough to take from her the only thing to which she clung. And her thin hand would feel the warmth and softness; and she would gaze in wonder at the tiny scar on its cheek, which might have been a dimple, but was proof of the terrible ordeal through which they both had passed. Quite unmindful of any other presence in the room Louise would talk to her baby, always planning a happy future.

"My baby! My treasure!" she would say. "You will be with me always, to be company when I am lonely, and to cheer me when I rest in the home I shall make for you! It will take so little to make our home lovely—a cot where we can sleep—you in your mother's arms—a stove to warm your bath—and by and by when you are older, a tiny tub where you can sit and splash while I watch and laugh at you. And I shall make you the darlingest dresses, and embroider them with flowers and butterflies. I can make one out of the pink georgette blouse I wore the day I was married to your daddy. Maybe some day he will come back to us—If he should look at you with his heavenly eyes, he could never, never, go away again. Darling, when you can walk—I wonder if ever I shall see you walk. I am so tired, so tired."

Thus day by day she comforted herself, now with baby joys and again looking forward into school days and even beyond that into a time when the baby would be a young woman, the loveliest any of her folks had known. But always her dreaming ended with the plaint:

"Dearest, I wonder. I am so tired, so tired."

When she came to the Maternity Hospital the girl had given the name of Louise Garland. She wore her wedding ring and carried in her handbag a paper which she insisted was a marriage certificate. But her mother had angrily told her she was not married and that her motherhood was a disgrace which they would never outlive. So Louise came to understand why Dick had wanted to keep the marriage a secret, and why he had advised her

to give the baby away. Her mother had been determined about that, too. In fact it had all been arranged that she should not even see the baby.

The matron, the doctor, and the foster mother held numerous conferences in which Louise was not included; and when her recovery seemed fairly certain, the child went into the foster home, and they tried to argue her into thinking it was best.

Time passes swiftly when hearts are light; but where a great sorrow reigns, weeks drag themselves into long and weary stretches that bring paleness to the cheeks and dullness to the eyes. Her mother wrote repeatedly asking Louise to come to the newer, better home; but the girl felt bound by ties stronger than life itself, to the place which had given Dick to her, and in which since, she had lost both him and her baby. So she went to work—in the maternity hospital at first, and then for shorter hours, in a laundry. All her free hours she wandered through streets and parks and playgrounds, eagerly seeking some clue to the discovery of the little one that was lost.

"I must get cheaper board, Aunt Mandy," she said one morning to the old lady with whom she stayed.

"Cheaper!" exclaimed Aunt Mandy. "Well, ef I'm any judge, you're skinny enough to need better board. I don't believe you've et a bite of lunch fer six weeks—not sence you ben payin' carfare to search the subways. I hain't blamin' you none fer wantin' your kid; but I don't see how you'd know her from a ringnecked goslin' after four years."

"I'd know Jewell anywhere, Aunt Mandy. Her daddy's eyes—"

"You hain't seen his eyes sence he—well, sence he left you, girl." Chances is they're different now."

"His eyes couldn't change. Why, they're so different! You don't think I'm foolish, do you, Aunt Mandy, fer wanting to find Jewell? You know she's all I've got, all I'll ever have, because—well, I shall never marry again; and then I heard them say when Jewell was born, that I'd never go through it again."

"Poor child! No one with a heart could blame you, leastwise no one that's mothered thirteen. But you've hunted so long."

"I know I won't sell much of this junk, with Christmas so far away. But it's a chance to get in houses and see their children. Look at this beetle scud across the table."

"Sakes alive! It's got everything but the breath of life, hain't it?"

"Here's a goose that hasn't much but noise. Listen."

"Quack, quack! Quack, quack!" squawked the goose, and Aunt Mandy answered:

"Saucy thing! You're as empty headed as a lot o' folks I know."

"Only a few of the silly folks will buy this stuff, aunt Mandy, that is why I must have cheaper board."

"How much do you expect to pay?"

"Not more than three fifty a week. I can sleep on a cot, and eat only two meals—"

"Then you'll stay right where you be. At least—"

"No, Aunt Mandy, you can't afford it."

"But I want to see Jewell, too, don't I? You can dry the dishes for me; an' when they hain't enough hot cakes to go round, you can have toast."

And so it was decided. And so day after day, in and out of the houses big and little, the young woman went soliciting orders for the line of mechanical toys she carried. Sometimes the bright object in her hand was the admit card. Sometimes the pallor of her face or the thinness of her apparel. Women

wondered at the way she peered through doors ajar, or was startled at the sound of a baby's voice. They also noticed how she would hurry across a street to look closely at a group of children, and then slowly return to the systematic routine of her work. None even dreamed of the dynamic force back of her struggles. Whether people bought or not made little difference to Louise; nor did it matter what argument they put up for or against her wares. Nothing mattered except children around four years old. Thus weeks dragged into months.

"This family of dolls will please my little girl," said Mrs. Arlington of Hillcrest mansion. "She always wants another doll, no matter—"

"Jewell!"

"I coming."

The call came from a maid in the kitchen, the answer from a child beyond the richly curtained French door.

The heart of Louise stood still. The box of samples fell from her nerveless hands. A pallor as of death overspread her face. Only her eyes showed animation, and they were so alert it seemed as though they must see straight through the French door, drapery and all.

"You are ill. Let me get you something warm to revive you," said the kind woman of the house.

"Yes," answered Louise eagerly.

The woman was gone. The French door had opened, and there, whence had come the voice, stood Jewell holding the door ajar. Her plump figure was clad in a simple gown of clinging pink cotton, which with one chubby hand she held off her bare feet. Her hair was a touseled mass of golden curls, cut short above the roundest, bluest eyes Louise had ever seen. The cheeks were fair and smooth like—ah, yes; and there was the tiny scar that was like a dimple. There was no mistaking it. Louise stumbled from the rocker in which she sat, and gathered the child in her arms. She showered its neck and arms with kisses. Her tears fell thick and fast upon the pink cotton gown. Her sobs were mingled with laughter, as she poured out all the depths of mother love upon the astonished child that struggled in her arms for freedom.

"Darling! My darling! I have found you! they took you from me and hid you away! It broke my heart, dearest! I thought it would kill me! But I could not die. Now I shall begin to live. They shall never take you away again, never!"

"Muvver!"

"Yes, darling," answered Mrs. Arlington who stood motionless in the doorway.

"You are not her mother!" shrieked Louise, tightening her grasp convulsively. "She is mine! I died, so they said, when she came to earth and I will die for her again. You cannot tear her from me. I defy you!"

"What madness is this, woman? Go away. See, the child fears you."

As she spoke the woman took hold of the hands of Louise and struggled. In vain she pleaded.

"I will never give her up. She is mine! She is mine!" Louise insisted.

Finally she became aware that the child was screaming. Then she became calm.

"My Jewell," she sobbed passionately. "How can you know my love? Go to her now—go to her—but be sure that very soon you will come to me."

Slowly her hands unclasped and dropped to her sides. Without stopping to pick up her scattered samples she staggered to the door and out into the street.

(*To be continued*)

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

THE Christmas spirit should radiate the world this year 1931 as never before. In this day of extremity the story of the lowly manger birth to the sacrifice on Calvary is more vivid than ever, and the tender teachings of the Savior are indeed a safe guide to be heeded by all mankind, for they lead along paths of righteous living, sprinkled by deeds of kindness.

Relief agencies everywhere have been gathering and preparing comforts and cheer for those in need. The shops dressed in tinsel and Christmas colors glitter like Fairyland, an inviting temptation to those who have means to enter and purchase gifts. The spirit of love is in the heart at Christmas time.

MLLE. JOSEE LAVAL, the vivacious daughter of Premier Laval of France, won the hearts of New York and Washington society even though her distinguished father did not accomplish all he crossed over for.

JANE ADDAMS was one of the delegation of women who recently presented a petition to President Hoover asking for total disarmament. While in the Nation's Capital on this mission Miss Addams was presented with an award for her welfare work, of several thousand dollars. She said she would use this money for the unemployed in Chicago.

KATHRYN SELLERS, Judge of the Juvenile Court of the District of Columbia says during her administration, covering a period of 13 years, 75 per cent of the cases have been amicably settled without bringing them to trial. An interesting fact is that during the depression there have been fewer cases of child destitution brought to the Court's attention than in any other period of equal length.

MRS. CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT predicts that Spain having granted suffrage to women, all Southern Europe will soon fall in line and in 25 years in all countries of the world women will be casting their votes. The Filipino women have succeeded in getting the measure for Suffrage passed in the House of Representatives but there is much opposition in the Senate. Mrs. Patrick J. Hurley, wife of Secretary of War Hurley is a great admirer of the Filipino women and says they certainly ought to have Suffrage. She claims they have gone American less slowly than their men folk though they still wear the beautiful and picturesque costume of the Phillipines.

THE recent election in England shows 14 women led by Lady Astor will be members of the House of Commons. Miss Megan Lloyd George is the only Liberal.

SHOULD the Republican party nominate Alice Longworth for Vice President and New Jersey appoint Mrs. Morrow to fill the place in the Senate to which her late husband was elected there might be as much interest for the newspapers on this side of the Atlantic as abroad. Lady Astor would find a strong competitor for publicity in "Princess Alice."

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY was awarded the Helen Haire Levinson prize for her "Three Sonnets" appearing in Poetry, a magazine of verse, and Helen Hoyt of California won a special lyric prize for her three lyrics "For One Who Died in Spring" printed in the same magazine.

DR. MARY LOWELL COOLEGE, formerly a member of the faculty at Vassar College has been appointed dean at Wellesley.

Notes to the Field

The Short Story

THE short story is one of the most popular forms of present day literature. It fits into the high tension life of the present because of its brevity. To the end that our pleasure and understanding might be increased, this course has been given.

We have hoped—

1. To develop an appreciation of the short story by a knowledge of its technique.

2. To lead our members to see that the short story gives an interpretation of the customs, feelings and emotions of the people, of the various countries, as the author sees them.

3. We should remember the tragic enters into the greatest literature, and our lives become enriched and our understanding increased, by entering into the portayal of sorrow, suffering, disappointment, and death.

Someone who knows has said, "We study literature to enlarge our own experience—to increase our stock of ideas, to see life through the eyes of interesting characters, to acquaint ourselves with thoughts and activities outside our own little circle."

Literature expands our personalities and makes us better men and women if we choose wisely. Through it we find not only the tragedies but the joys and happiness of life portrayed.

We trust that the work of the coming months will give pleasure and increase our ability to know the best among the countless short stories.

Supervisors and Union Meeting

Inquiries have come into the office as to whether or not teacher supervisors should attend the Union Meeting.

In line with the Plan of Visiting Teachers, adopted in 1928, the Teacher Topic Class Leader is placed on the same plane as the other class leaders, and is expected to always be at the Union Meeting where special instructions are given in the presentation of the Topic. (See *Relief Society Handbook,* page 151.)

Where there is a teacher supervisor, she is a visiting teacher who, under the direction of the president, supervises the monthly visits, and is not expected to attend Union Meeting.

The monthly Teacher Training Meeting, held every month in the ward, is especially prepared to give the teachers the help they need. They should always be in attendance at this meeting.

Where this plan has been carefully tried out, it has reacted most satisfactorily to the teachers and to the Relief Societv Organization.

Presidents

Occasionally, fortunately not very often, we hear of a president who tries to do everything herself. This is not good leadership. Those under such a leader are not given an opportunity to develop and use their talents, they chafe in seeing one do what others should share in doing. What are counselors and a board for if not to participate in the deliberations and to share in the responsibility and the work? If your tendency is to take too much upon your own shoulders watch yourself, make an effort to draw forth others, place responsibility where it belongs and then merely check to see that the work is done. When the presi-

dent and her counselors have decided on a plan the president should not change without letting her counselors know and telling why she has reversed the decision.

GREETINGS, CHORISTERS AND ORGANISTS:

Your responsibility is great. Much depends on you as to whether our meetings are successful or not.

Through your good work comes inspiration for the class work and the spirit of the meeting. Soft strains of well chosen preliminary music quiet one and one is prepared to receive the beautiful things of the meeting. Work for good congregational singing. Learn the words so that when we come to Stake and General Conferences all can sing without books. "The song of the heart is a prayer unto God."

"Practice makes perfect." "There is no excellence without labor."

Do not be satisfied until all your women sing. Let your music keep pace with our other fine activities.

Notes from the Field

TEMPLE CARAVAN

Northwestern States Mission:

THE Fifth Annual Temple Caravan of the Montana District was held at Cardston, July 12th and 13th. Every session was filled to over-flowing, while every face was beaming with joy in anticipation of our spiritual feast. Many of the families traveled from 135 to 700 miles to be in attendance.

We all enjoyed the wonderful hospitality of the Canadian people upon this occasion.

Forty-nine sisters of the Relief Societies of Montana availed themselves of this wonderful opportunity and completed 209 endowments, as well as assisting with the baptisms and sealings.

OUR PALMYRA CONFERENCE AND CELEBRATION

By Alice D. Moyle

THE missionary conference and Pioneer Celebration was held at Palmyra, July 24th, 25th, and 26th, 1931. These conferences have now been held each year for some years, and promise to be annual affairs.

This conference was not as large as the one last year, because of the special interest last year in the Centennial Celebration, and also because President Moyle urged that no missionaries attend who could not afford to do so. The missionaries especially enjoy this general conference of the Mission and Pioneer Celebration, which was clearly shown by the fact that many hitchhiked from all parts of the Mission. President and Sister John V. Bluth from the Canadian Mission with about forty of their missionaries joined us and added greatly to our conference.

The Relief Society conference was only alloted part of an afternoon session, so no real conference work such as reports could be given. Not so many from far off societies attended owing to the expense of traveling, but the sisters from nearby cities were with us, and all the missionaries—we had about 200 in attendance. The missionaries know so little about Relief Society work but are in a position to do much, that they should interest themselves in it, especially in the smaller branches. Our talks to them fully repaid us for the time spent.

We also reproduced a mission progressive radio program. A religious address was given, accompanied by "Oh, My Father" played softly on the organ, and interspersed by a quartette singing appropriate hymns. Many expressed themselves that our Relief Society session was one of the most interesting of the conference.

All of the meetings were held in the Sacred Grove at the Joseph Smith Farm, which in the early summer is especially beautiful.

One of the most significant facts associated with the Sacred Grove is, that it has never been desecrated, nor the trees disturbed, even though the property was owned for many years by non-Mormons. It stands as if protected by Providence and intended to be an inspiration to all who are fortunate enough to seek its seclusion.

It stands on a slight elevation running in a northerly and southerly direction. It is entered from the south corner. A winding path leads through this forest of trees to a large tree, perhaps 400 years old, around which is a natural clearing. Here the services were held. The seclusion of this spot with its dense foliage, only disturbed by the lights and shadows playing through it makes it a real Temple of Nature. President B. H. Roberts in his impressive address there last year called it the Temple Grove.

The Hill Cumorah where the plates were found is about two miles from the Farm. It is the highest hill in all the country around, and stands out as if it were still guarding sacred treasures. Now one of the main paved highways running from Eastern to Western New York passes along near the foot, and in full view of it. A large sign with an open Book of Mormon and appropriate wording draws the attention of the traveler to its importance. About twenty miles further south is the David Whitmer Farm where the Church was organized. The old house is still in a fine state of preservation and you can view the room where the Prophet translated the Book of Mormon. These places of interest all have appropriate markers and signs.

The Joseph Smith Farm is presided over by brother and sister Willard W. Bean. It is open to visitors, and they are received and entertained most hospitably. Brother Bean is well informed on early Church history, and is intensely interesting to listen to.

For our celebration this year the missionaries had erected a large open tent where meals were served to over three hundred people, the food being brought from Palmyra.

Saturday afternoon and evening was given over to games. Saturday evening we finished the festivities with a huge bonfire where "weiners" were roasted and served, and community singing engaged in. Each district vied with the other in putting on original sketches. My heart swelled with affection and pride for this wonderful group of people, and I wondered if anywhere else in the wide world, other than among the Latter-day Saints could such a group be found. Sunday finished the conference with meetings during the day and evening. Baptisms were also performed in Grange Hall.

The missionaries are already looking forward to the gathering there next year in the hope that they may witness the dedication of the beautiful monument on the Hill Cumorah, which the Church is planning to erect there.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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Vol. XVIII DECEMBER, 1931 No. 12

EDITORIAL

It Is His Birthday

WELL may this be a time of joy and good will! Well may hearts rejoice as from church towers the jubilant bells ring out and as the glad carols waft on the air the message of his advent!

Annie Payson Call, in her book, *The Freedom of Life,* tells of a family who had a guest. When they found that he was to have a birthday while he was visiting them, they gladly prepared to celebrate it. Days and weeks before the anniversary, they prepared—they cooked and planned and arranged decorations. They selected little gifts for one another. The whole house was in confusion for weeks before the birthday came. Everyone was in a hurry; everything that could be postponed until after the birthday was put off. Finally the birthday arrived—the rooms were beautifully decorated, the gifts arranged, and the guests had arrived. As soon as the festivities had begun, a little child asked, "Mama, where is the man whose birthday it is?" "I do not know, but I will inquire," replied the mother. She asked her neighbor, who replied, "We are celebrating the birthday of a guest in the house." "But where is the guest? Where is the man whose birthday it is?" she asked a member of the family. Nobody knew. They went on with their celebration. The little child slipped out of the room determined to find the man whose birthday it was. After a long search, he was found in the attic—lonely and sick. He had been asked to leave his guest room so as to be out of the way while the preparations were going on. He had taken ill and all save a servant had been

too busy to think of him. Preparations for his birthday celebration had so engrossed them that they had forgotten him entirely.

Miss Call sagely remarks, "This is the way it is with most of us at Christmas time."

Let us remember—

"We cannot give truly in the spirit of Christmas if we rush and hurry and feel strained and anxious about our gifts."

"We cannot give in a truly loving spirit if we give in order that we may receive."

"We cannot give truly if we give more than we can afford."

Relief Society Contributions

OUR Relief Society teachers visit the homes of the people—

1. To learn how the people are and to report cases of illness or distress.

2. To promote a spirit of love and good will.

3. To take a definite message which is printed in the *Magazine*.

4. To collect donations to be used for the poor.

It is surprising that many people are unaware that contributions are accepted by these visitors. Many who are able and would be willing to give, let the teachers depart without contributing. It has been a tradition that Relief Society teachers should not ask for contributions, and a pertinent question is—What can we do in order that our contributions may be increased? We think our bishops, if asked, would speak of Relief Society contributions in the sacrament meetings. This could very properly be made a theme in our Relief Society ward conferences, the speaker telling of the need of the fund and of the good accomplished by it.

Many of those who do contribute could well afford to give more if they realized the necessity of it. If people are not at home when the Relief Society teachers call, the money should be sent to the organization; or if for some reason no contribution is made for one month it should be made up the next. All our women should determine how much they can afford to give and see that that amount reaches the Society annually.

Some few districts that have no needy families in their wards do not take contributions and so deprive people of the blessing of giving. It would be a gracious thing for such wards to make the collection and consult the Stake President to find out where the fund is needed.

Dr. Charles F. Wilcox

THE hearts of our readers go out in tender sympathy to Sister Elizabeth Stevenson Wilcox, for many years a member of the General Board of Relief Society. On October 21st, her husband, Dr. Charles F. Wilcox, passed away, thus severing a companionship of 47 years.

Sister Wilcox has been a wonderful wife and mother. Her home has been one of beauty and culture and peace. She and her husband have mutually enjoyed art, music, literature. She studied his interests and he could always find rest in his home after the duties of the day. The spirit of the family has been

one of thoughtful consideration and love for each other. Indeed, this spirit extended further. A close friend said, "There is nothing they would not do for their friends—kindness, thoughtfulness and love are characteristics of each member of the family." May Sister Wilcox and her chilen be blessed with health, strength and peace.

Address of Relief Society Headquarters

IN writing to any department of the Relief Society general offices, the room number in the Bishop's Building should be given. Mail for all departments, except the *Magazine,* should be directed to General Board Relief Society, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah. All correspondence for both the editorial and business offices of the *Relief Society Magazine* should be addressed to 20 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah. If the writer desires to give the street and number, it is 14 Temple Avenue, and not 40 North Main—the latter address takes the mail to the office of the Presiding Bishopric.

Beware of Tobacco

BECAUSE it pollutes, poisons, and paralyzes the finest physical, mental, and spiritual faculties of its users. Therefore, its use is a violation of the moral law.

BECAUSE it has proved itself, especially in the form of the cigarette, to be an enslaving factor, unsurpassed in its pernicious hold upon its victims.

BECAUSE it daily recruits our youth to its ranks by the thousands, to march a downward path of dereliction and defeat, of suffering, and of crime.

BECAUSE cunning, deceit, and greed characterize the methods of those who market this nefarious narcotic.

BECAUSE its use engenders an unbelievable degree of selfishness, thoughtlessness, and carelessness in its addicts (fires, explosions, etc.)

BECAUSE an increasing number of the world's educational and industrial leaders recognize and denounce it as a menace and a curse to society.

BECAUSE it has invaded with shameless audacity the sacred realm of womanhood, the race's fountainhood of purity, sanctity, and idealism.

BECAUSE the cigarette is an enemy to human welfare, so insidious, so seductive, yet so positive in its evil effects as to justify a relentless stand against it on the part of every intelligent individual and organization.—*From the "Junior No Tobacco Annual."*

Lesson Department

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in February)

Select Readings: Enos, Chapter 1; Mosiah, Chapters 1 to 5 inclusive. Note the teachings on whatever subject.

The Human Personality

There is a singular thing in human nature: the far-away is usually more fascinating than the nearby. Astronomy was a science ages before the world ever heard of bacteriology. Distance nearly always, as the old saying has it, lends enchantment to the view.

Theology is no exception to the rule here. People became curious to know of God centuries before they wanted to learn anything about themselves. And so, all down the ages, theologians, whether pagan or Christian, debated about the existence of God, his character, and his relations, if any, with mankind. Man came in but incidentally.

Jesus, however, talked about man. His religion was what the lover of big words calls "anthropocentric." In a simple phrase, man is the center of the religion of Jesus. Not what is God's relationship to man, but rather what is man's relationship to God—that was Christ's way of putting the matter. And the difference is striking. So, as a matter of fact, there is little in the four *Gospels* about God, but a great deal about man. Christ took God for granted.

To talk overmuch about God and undermuch about man is to begin at the wrong end. The near-end is where we ought to begin the study of theology. That is where Jesus begins. And, singularly enough, that is where Joseph Smith begins, although, as we shall see presently, it was not where the emphasis was placed by his religious contemporaries.

Christian theologians generally, in the time of the Prophet Joseph, talked about God. They sought to know what he was like, what his qualities were, whether he was a Person or an omnipresent Something. Also they talked about hell, as we have seen. They tried to imagine just what kinds of punishment God would mete out to unrepentant sinners there. Moreover, they talked about angels. In the Middle Ages the greatest Christian philosophers debated most earnestly the question, how many angels could stand at one time on the point of a needle—as if that had anything whatever to do with religion.

But Joseph Smith, in his first utterances on the subject of religion—which were in the *Book of Mormon*—wrote about man rather than about God. The Nephite Record begins at the near-end of religion, and is therefore, like ancient Christianity, anthropocentric. Nephite writers take God for granted. They do not attempt to draw fine-spun distinctions between theological tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum. Their concern is about man. They want to settle the question, how is he to be saved in the Kingdom of God?

Herein is one of the most striking things about the *Book of Mormon*—that, in an age of theological hair-splitting about abstractions not con-

nected directly with salvation, it should place the main emphasis on the study of man and how he was to be set on his feet spiritually. In this respect, the Record is almost a century ahead of its time, for only in recent years have leading Christians come to see that "the proper study of mankind (religiously) is man."

First of all, the Book of Mormon gives us a new definition of immortality.

In the *New Testament* there are statements which go to show that man's life did not begin with this earth. Jesus said he was before Abraham (John 8:58), and the Beloved apostle states that the Master was "in the beginning with God" (John 1:1, 2). And, since Jesus is our Elder Brother, there is the inference that we all "were in the beginning with the Father." There are other passages to the same effect. But the doctrine of a pre-earth life for man is not clear enough to lead, in the average Christian mind, to its being announced as a doctrine, or article of faith. Besides, Christian thinkers pretty generally, believing that man is a poor worm of the earth and lower than the angels, did not dare draw out the inference, because they felt it would be more or less blasphemous to do so. Therefore they recoiled from the idea.

An incident from the life of the poet Wordsworth will show that this is actually the case. In 1803 he published his "Intimations of Immortality," in which the following stanza occurs:

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

Afterwards, when people had read the poem and wondered at this particular passage, Wordsworth deemed it advisable to deny the plain meaning of the words. He said:

"Having in the poem regarded it as presumptive evidence of a prior state of existence, I think it right to protest against a conclusion, which has given pain to some good and pious persons, that I meant to inculcate such a belief. It is far too shadowy a notion to be recommended to faith, as more than an element in our instincts of immortality. But let us bear in mind that though the idea is not advanced in revelation there is nothing there to contradict it, and the fall of man presents an analogy in its favor."

This whole incident shows how utterly remote from the minds of Joseph Smith's contemporaries was any form of a pre-earth life for man.

But the *Book of Mormon* boldly advances such an idea. True, it is done almost incidentally, if we may say so. But it is done, just the same. As a matter of fact, that is the way in which we get many religious truths in the *Gospels*. The passage is to be found in Ether, chapter 3.

Moriancumr, the brother of Jared, has retired to a high mountain, for the purpose of inquiring of the Lord how the Jaredites are to have light in the ships in which they are to cross the sea. With him he has taken eight stones, which he pro-

poses to ask the Lord to touch. And this the Lord does. In the act of doing so, however, Moriancumr sees God's finger. Thereupon he requests that the Lord "show himself" to him in his whole Person. Then this conversation occurs:

"And the Lord said unto him: Believest thou the words which I shall speak?

"And he answered, Yea, Lord, I know that thou speakest the truth, for thou art a God of truth, and canst not lie.

"And when he had said these words, behold, the Lord showed himself unto him, and said: Because thou knowest these things, ye are redeemed from the fall; therefore I show myself unto you. Behold, I am he who was prepared from the foundation of the world to redeem my people. I am Jesus Christ. In me shall all mankind have light, and that eternally, even they who believe on my name; and they shall become my sons and my daughters.

"Never at any time have I showed myself unto man whom I have created, for never has man believed in me as thou hast. Seest thou that ye are created after mine own image? Yea, even all men were created in the beginning after mine own image.

"This body, which ye now behold, is the body of my spirit; and man have I created after the body of my spirit; and even as I appear unto thee to be in the spirit, will I appear unto my people in the flesh."

The historian, Moroni, makes this comment on what he had just written: "Jesus showed himself unto this man in the spirit, even after the manner and in the likeness of the same body even as he showed himself unto the Nephites."

Two ideas stand out boldly in this remarkable passage. One is the *form* of our spiritual tabernacles; the other, the *fact* of our existence before this earth-life.

Nowhere else in sacred literature, so far as we are aware, is the form of the human spirit spoken of. It has often been supposed, by advanced Christian thinkers, that it is in the same form as the fleshy body. The late Sir Conan Doyle believed so. But this, it appears, was the first time the doctrine was announced. In truth, however, revelation is the only source of any definite knowledge on the subject. For no man, "by searching," can find out the form of the human spirit, any more than he can learn anything about God. And this is an important thing to keep in mind.

As to the existence of the human spirit before its earthly life, only the fact is given here. If we wish to learn anything further on the point, we must go to other revelations to the Prophet Joseph.

One of these revelations (*Pearl of Great Price*) tells us something in addition to the fact of the spirit's existence. (1) The spirits of men are the children of God and the brothers and sisters of Jesus Christ, as spirits. This explains the phrase in the Lord's Prayer, "Our Father, which art in Heaven." (2) The "plan of life and salvation" was laid in the pre-earth life—proposed by our Savior. The plan involved (a) the making of an earth for the spirits to dwell upon, (b) the assumption of tabernacles of flesh and blood, and (c) the fall of man and the atonement of Christ. (3) Man in his mortal state was to be allowed his "free agency," for otherwise he could not be held accountable for his acts or be capable of any real moral growth.

These ideas, it must be born in mind, are not to be found in the *Book of Mormon* in this form, but are additions made by the modern prophet, through revelation.

It is interesting to note that the idea of a pre-earth life has been grasped by some of the world's great thinkers since Joseph Smith's time. Whether or not there is a

onnection between their ideas and Mormonism" does not ,of course, ppear. One of these is the Belgian hilosopher Maeterlinck. Here is a assage from his book, *Our Eter-ity.*

"How shall we explain that, in that onsciousness which ought to survive us, he infinity that precedes our birth has eft no trace? Had we no consciousness n that infinity, or did we perchance lose t on coming into the world and did the catastrophe that produces the whole error of death take place at the moment of our birth?

"None can deny that this infinity has he same rights over us as that which follows our decease. We are as much the children of the first as of the second; and we must of necessity have a part in both.

"If you maintain that you will always exist you are bound to admit that you have always existed; we cannot imagine the one without having to imagine the other. If nothing ends, nothing begins, for any such beginning will be the end of something."

This passage is not quoted in confirmation of what the Prophet Joseph has said, whether in the *Book of Mormon* or elsewhere, for that would be presumptuous in view of the fact that the Prophet had these matters revealed to him; but it is quoted for the reason that the idea of a previous state of existence finds an appeal to the class of thinkers. For the idea, as we have already said, is growing on the modern mind that reflects at all. Besides, this fact throws into bolder relief the forehandedness of Joseph Smith in the doctrines he advanced in religion. This doctrine of a pre-earth life, together with the idea of a "plan" laid down in that state on the principle of human free agency, is one of the profoundest and most far-reaching religious conceptions ever revealed to man.

The Nephite Record, however, does more than reveal the fact of our pre-earth life and in what form. It traces the life of the spirit through its various stages of progress.

First, there is, then, the spirit in its life before coming here to the fleshy body. Of the nature of that life in that "estate" we have said something already, and the reader who wishes to go into further details should consult the *Book of Moses* and the *Book of Abraham,* in the *Pearl of Great Price.*

Secondly, the spirit then enters upon its "second estate" on the earth. Just when the spirit enters into the fleshy body has never been revealed to us, so far as we know. There is an incident, however, in Third Nephi, chapter 1 (verses 11, 12, 13), where Jesus tells the prophet, "On the morrow come I into the world," in allusion to his birth in Palestine. And here, on the earth, the spirit lives in its body of flesh and blood for a season. Then he "dies," as we say. His body is buried in the ground. But what becomes of the spirit? Alma the Younger answers this question.

Thirdly, the "spirits of all men, whether they be good or evil, are taken home to that God who gave them life." Let us quote the entire passage, which is very illuminating:

"Now, concerning the state of the soul between death and the resurrection—behold, it has been made known unto me by an angel, that the spirits of all men, as soon as they are departed from this mortal body, yea, the spirits of all men, whether they be good or evil, are taken home to that God who gave them life.

"And then it shall come to pass that the spirits of those who are righteous are received into a state of happiness, which is called Paradise—a state of rest, a state of peace, where they shall rest from all their troubles and from all care and sorrow. The spirits of the wicked, who are of the devil—for they have no part nor portion of the Spirit of the Lord; for they chose evil works rather than good; therefore the spirit of the

devil did enter into them, and take possession of their house—these shall be cast into outer darkness; there shall be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth, and this because of their own iniquity.

"Now this is the state of the souls of the wicked, in darkness, and a state of awful, fearful looking for the fiery indignation of the wrath of God upon them; thus they remain in this state, as well as the righteous in Paradise, until the time of their resurrection." (Alma 40:11-14.)

Fourthly, is the re-embodied state of the spirit. Alma, in some verses following the above quotation, is equally clear on this phase of life also. He says:

"There is a first resurrection, a resurrection of all those who have been, or who are, or who shall be, down to the resurrection of Christ from the dead. We do not suppose that this first resurrection can be the resurrection of the souls and their consignation to happiness or misery. Nay; but it meaneth the reuniting of the soul with the body, of those from the days of Adam down to the resurrection of Christ.

"Whether the souls and the bodies of those of whom has been spoken shall all be reunited at once, the wicked as well as the righteous, I do not say; let it suffice, that I say that they all come forth; or in other words, their resurrection cometh to pass before the resurrection of those who die after the resurrection of Christ.

"There is a space between death and the resurrection of the body, and a state of the soul in happiness or in misery until the time which is appointed of God that the dead shall come forth, and be reunited, both soul and body, and be brought to stand before God and be judged according to their works. The soul shall be restored to the body, and the body to the soul. Every limb and joint shall be restored to its body. Even a hair of the head shall not be lost, but all things shall be restored to their proper and perfect frame.

"Then shall the righteous shine forth in the kingdom of God. But behold, an awful death cometh upon the wicked; for they die as to things pertaining to righteousness; for they are unclean, and no unclean thing can inherit the kingdom of God."

Questions

1. Why have men always been interested most in the things that are farthest away? Name some things remote to our daily lives that have given way to things that are of closer concern. What are some things that receive the greater emphasis nowadays?

2. What significance has the "recantation" of the poet Wordsworth as to the idea of a pre-earth life in his time? Just what idea is taught in the passage quoted from his "Ode"? How clear is this idea? Why are poets often compared with prophets?

3. State clearly the two ideas that stand out in the passage quoted from Ether. Compare them with that in the poet Wordsworth for clearness. Just what bearing have these two ideas on human conduct today—if any? That is, what difference does it make whether they are true or not?

4. Give the substance of what Alma says about the state between death and the resurrection, about the resurrection and after. Find some additional thoughts on the subject.

To the Youth of America

There is no agency in the world today that is so seriously affecting the health, efficiency, education, and character of boys and girls as the cigarette habit.—*Herbert Hoover.*

Boys, through cigarettes, train with bad company. The cigarette drags them down.—*Henry Ford, famous manufacturer.*

Tobacco used in any form destroys a boy's ability to apply himself to study and prevents his comprehending or remembering his lessons.—*Homer H. Seerley, beloved educator.*

TEACHERS' TOPIC

Watchword: "And into whatsoever house ye enter, first say, Peace be unto this house."

Text: "Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.

"This is the first and great commandment.

"And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

"On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."—Matthew 22:37-40.

What made Jesus utter these words? A lawyer asked the question that brought forth our text. And we find in St. Luke's version of the same, the lawyer, to justify himself, said unto Jesus, "And who is my neighbor?" In answer to this we have the beautiful story of "The Good Samaritan" found in Luke 10:30-37. After telling the way the man who fell among thieves was treated by the priest, the Levite and the Samaritan, the question is asked, "Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves?" and the answer is, "He that shewed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise."

This commandment is to us today the same as it was during the life of Christ. Annie Marion Maclean, in her book, "Our Neighbors," written in 1922, speaking of people of the United States, puts it thus: "We understand now, that from the many one strong nation has been molded; and we bow our heads in humility in recognition of the truth that we are members one of another, and if one member suffers, all the others suffer with it. Not even in order to justify ourselves, can we ever ask again, 'And who is my neighbor?'"

There is no organization of the Church does more for neighbors than the Relief Society. According to the minutes of the first meeting, March 17, 1842, Emma Smith said that the chief object of the Society was for charitable purposes. This is so today, and there is a proper way to do all things, and when any of us finds a person in need of any kind of assistance, financial or otherwise, she should report the same to no one except our Relief Society president, and she will take care of it for us. By doing this we can truly say we are being charitable. Are we not then loving the Lord with all our hearts, and loving our neighbors as ourselves? Relief Society work teaches us to do this every day.

Literature

(Third Week in February)

George Washington

THE Washingtons sprang from a fine old English family, dating back to the Norman Conquest. Two brothers, Andrew and John, nephews of the First Lord of Sulgrave, came to Virginia in the year 1657. John was the grandfather of Augustine, so that makes of George Washington the third generation born on American soil.

The story of George's birth at Bridge's Creek, Virginia, on February 22, 1732, of his mother's widowhood, of the simple life and training of this colonial youth, tall, athletic, bright-eyed and clear-headed, is a story mothers love to tell their children. It is the story of a boy's boy, a scout of scouts!

There are two people who influenced George's boyhood very powerfully. These were his mother, a high-souled, refined woman, and his elder half-brother, Lawrence, educated in England. Though there was a difference of fourteen years in the ages of the two brothers, a very strong bond of love and companionship existed. Lawrence was perhaps George's best teacher. The story of their life together is beautiful.

Land surveying was a very important art, and George became most proficient. This definite training was in evidence throughout his whole life, and his surveys still stand.

During the years of Washington's early manhood, the French and English were engaged in the struggle for supremacy in the New World. Undoubtedly the most dangerous and important episode in Washington's life at this period was the task of carrying a message from Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia to the French Commander stationed near Lake Erie. This undertaking required great physical strength, moral energy, a courage to cope with savages, and wisdom to negotiate with white men.

His experience in the French and Indian War was of immense value in service to his State, and later to the Nation. One story in connection with the Braddock Expedition is worthy of note. Years after when Washington was President an Indian called on him, and said that he was one of the chiefs who led the Indians against the white men. He and some other young "braves" had singled out Washington, as he made himself very conspicuous riding about the field with General Braddock's orders. They had killed horses under him, shot his hat off, bullets passed through his coat, but they could not strike his person, so they concluded that the "Great Spirit" was protecting him, and he could not be killed.

The letters which Washington wrote to his mother at this time indicate his great love for her, and the concern he felt for her anxiety over him.

During the latter part of the campaign against the Indians and the French in the Ohio Valley, an important errand took him near to the home of an old friend, Mr. Chamberlayne, who claimed Washington for a guest. The young officer was so impatient to be on his way that it was with difficulty that he was prevailed upon to stay for dinner. Among the guests was a young widow, Mrs. Martha Curtis. Her husband had been dead about three

years, leaving her with a large fortune and two young children. She is described as having an agreeable countenance, and engaging manners so captivating in Southern women. Washington's heart was taken by storm—the afternoon passed like a dream. For once he loitered in the path of duty, and was not in the saddle until the next morning. His courtship was romantic, but brief, and the wedding took place at the close of the campaign. Chapters could be written upon this happy union, and the comfort and sympathetic understanding Washington always found in his own home. A most noble nature himself, his attitude toward women could not be anything but the highest, due to the influence of his wonderful mother and his charming wife.

Washington's legislative experience began in the Virginia House of Burgesses, to which he was elected a member. Here he showed himself as a real man of affairs, and formulated many measures tending to improve conditions in his own state, notably the drainage of the Dismal Swamp District. His writings show this to be one of the happiest periods of his whole life.

When the war clouds of the Revolution began to gather, Washington, without hesitation, cast his lot with the colonies. He was chosen as a member of the Virginia delegation to the First Continental Congress. Patrick Henry, asked whom he considered the greatest man in congress. He replied, "If you speak of eloquence, Mr. Rutledge of South Carolina is by far the best orator, but if you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on the floor."

Washington was again a member from Virginia in the Second Continental Congress, which met in Philadelphia, May 10, 1775. One of the most important duties of this body, was the appointment of a Commander-in-Chief on the Continental Army then assembled at Cambridge, Mass. The naming of George Washington to this post, his speech of acceptance, his journey to New England, without even a farewell visit to his beloved Mt. Vernon, are household stories.

On the morning of the 3rd of July, Washington appeared with his suite under a large elm tree at the northern end of the Cambridge Common, and while the forces were drawn up in line, he stepped forward, drew his sword, and assumed formal command of the army. When speaking of this in the House of Commons, Charles James Fox called Washington "That illustrious man before whom all borrowed greatness sinks into insignificance."

Washington, the chief of a nation at arms presents one of the ablest military leaders in history. Napoleon called him a supreme master of military strategy. Upon the walls of Mt. Vernon hangs a sword, the gift of Frederick the Great to Washington, and the inscription above the sword reads "From the oldest General to the greatest General in the world."

From Boston Washington's army moved, in a general way, toward Yorktown, and through all the tragic events of those eight long years, it was the magnificent soul, Washington, that always stood firm, devoted to his soldiers, true to his cause. The darkest days of the Revolution were the two winters from '76 to '78, the first in the Jersies, the second at Valley Forge. At this very time the infamous "Conway Cabal" was formed, and Congress, with colossal stupidity ignored their

own commander, and all but betrayed him. Washington's character rises to its most sublime height in this hour of trial. He knew of all the ingratitude and treachery working against him, but he ignored it. At Yorktown there was an example of the finest pieces of chivalry on record. Turn back to that winter in the Jersies, when Cornwallis, and his well fed, well equipped forces were so boastingly triumphant, and referred to the suffering, starving American soldiers as the "ragged regimentals" and their leader as "the old fox." What a splendid triumph Washington could have taken at Yorktown, but with characteristic delicacy he ordered all mere spectators away from the scene of the capitulation, and carefully suppressed all signs of exultation, telling his soldiers that "posterity would huzzah for them." He did not insist, as he might have done, that Cornwallis appear in person. He arranged for the terms of surrender to be made from Cornwallis to Lafayette, feeling that it would be less humiliating for the titled Englishman to surrender to the titled Frenchman. When one appreciates the exquisite refinement of feeling manifest in this, it is no wonder that Lafayette should say of Washington, "Never did I behold so superb a man!"

The final treaty closing the war, and acknowledging the Independence of America, was signed on the 3rd of September, 1783. The story of the departure of the English troops, the disbanding of the American army, are bits of history that touched Washington very closely. He was extremely careful in all things to safeguard the interest of the citizens and of the soldiers. His leave-taking of the Army, and the surrender of his commission to Congress, are among the most dramatic and inspiring events in history.

Congress offered him a large sum of money, which he refused to accept, for Washington had served entirely without pay during the eight long years of the War, and he now desired nothing more than to return to his own home, where he arrived Christmas Eve, 1783.

Following the disbanding of the army, and the signing of the treaty is what is called "The Critical Period of American History." The form of Government that had held the States together when there was the pressure of external danger, was daily proving more and more incompetent to the purposes of a national government. Disorders arose in every quarter, and Congress was helpless. Washington observed this with great concern, and in reply to a letter from Colonel Henry Lee, in Congress, he wrote, "You speak, my good sir, of employing influence to appease the present tumults. I know not where that influence is to be found, or if attainable, that it would be a proper remedy for the disorders. *Influence* is not *Government*. Let us have a government by which our lives, liberties and properties will be secured or let us know the worst at once."

Even in retirement Washington exercised a powerful influence on national affairs, and rendered most valuable service to his own state. He helped to develop the company which made the James and Potomac rivers navigable. In return for this Virginia gave him 150 shares of stock. He did not wish to accept the gift, but to avoid offending his friends he took the stock, but with the understanding that he would apply it to some public use. He later endowed two institutions of learning, one a college at Lexing-

ton, Virginia, now known as the Washington Lee University. The other was later the George Washington University, at the capital.

Troubles continued in and between the states, until finally Congress issued the call for the States to send delegates to the Constitutional Convention, which met in Philadelphia, May 25, 1787. Washington was averse to again appear in public life, but went with the Virginia delegation; at the meeting of the Convention he was unanimously chosen President. The first general election under the Constitution was held in January, 1789. A month later the electors met, and Washington was chosen to be the first President of the United States without one dissenting vote.

In his "Life of Washington," Irving gives a most delightful description of Washington's first inauguration. His mother lived to see her son become the President. The soldier had now become the Statesman, and no other man ever lived who combined the two in so eminent a degree. The same master mind which had brought the Revolution to its successful and triumphant end, was now at the helm to guide the Ship of State past the rocks that threatened its destruction before it was fairly on its voyage. How well he did this was expressed by Fisher Ames, when he said that Washington had changed man's idea of political greatness. He believed firmly in the federal idea of government, which Bryce says, "is the greatest contribution of the Anglo Saxon race to the science of government." He believed in the rights and power of the States, but he declared we must have a central government, strong enough to ensure "respect abroad and security at home."

When it came time for a second election, Washington was again the unanimous choice. Under his faithful care an era of great prosperity began. The honor of the government had been sustained by a provision for the payment of its debts, confidence and order were established, commerce flourished. He saw and knew but one thing, the good of his fellow countrymen. His eight years as Chief Magistrate were, if possible, a greater service than his eight years command of her armies. *No* other man could have held together so many discordant interests until they had time to become harmonious. As his second term of office drew to a close, he was urged to accept a third term, but this he firmly declined. He issued his farewell address to the people of the United States September 17, 1796. This historic paper is so full of wisdom and sound statesmanship that it should be studied and remembered by every American in the land. Early in the Spring of 1797, he retired once more to Mt. Vernon, from which point he continued to be a source of inspiration and wisdom to his countrymen. Jefferson wrote to him, "The confidence of the whole nation centers in you."

Nothing could have been simpler than Washington's home life, and tastes, but in his official positions, he upheld high standards. At all times his courtesy was genuine, and his hospitality unbounded. Washington did not believe in slavery, and at his death every negro whom he held in his own right received freedom, and he made a provision in his will for all those who from age, bodily infirmities or infancy could not support themselves.

December, 1799, witnessed the passing of this greatest of Ameri-

cans, and the whole world mourned!

There is no other civic holiday that can have a broader and greater significance than the natal day of George Washington. At this, the Bicentennial of his birth, all men join in doing honor to one whose glorious deeds are above all others recorded in our Nation's history. His whole life was bound up in our National life. The battles he fought for our liberty, the victories he won for our independence, and the influence he wielded in the drafting and adopting of the Constitution, are but a part of the service he rendered. His sympathy with those in every walk in life, his extensive knowledge of conditions as they existed in his own day, and his foresight of those yet to be, his unselfish devotion and his lofty patriotism are a part of our National heritage. The people today need the example and the teachings of Washington quite as much as the founders of our Republic needed his labors and his guidance. His exalted faith in God, and the strength that came to him from this faith, is an undying testimony that "the surest strength of nations comes from the support of God's almighty arm."

The planting of trees is a most beautiful and fitting expression of appreciation for Washington. He loved them. Trees are living memorials, like Washington's life, a blessing to all the land and people.

Questions

1. Justify the statement—"Washington—first in war—first in peace—first in the hearts of his countrymen.
2. Name three headings for Washington's public service.
3. What specific evidence have we that he was a friend of higher education.
4. What was the most pronounced characteristic of Washington.
5. Give an example of his consideration for the feelings of others.
6. Why is the life of George Washington an inspiration to the whole world?
7. What was his attitude toward women?
8. Give your reasons for planting the Washington Memorial trees.

Social Service

(Fourth Week in February)

PERSONALITY STUDY: IMPROVING OUR HABITS.

(Based on Overstreet's "Influencing Human Behavior," pp. 159-168)

Again let us grapple with an important problem in relation to making fundamental and lasting changes in persons—in ourselves and others. Even though some of these personality problems are difficult to work out in our lives they are tremendously interesting and worthwhile to those who have caught the vision opened up in part by our previous lessons.

Of all tasks that confront us as people who profess to believe in eternal progress, none is more important than that of the enhancement of personality in the fundamental sense in which we are using this term. The task implies that we have been made to feel dissatisfied with ourselves and that we really want to improve our lives. It further implies a willingness to take ourselves in hand in whatever condition we may be and a determination to patiently and earnestly work to improve our habits.

Much has been written to suggest just how to break old habits and to form new ones. We are, perhaps, already acquainted with the splendid articles on habit formation from the pen of Dean Milton Bennion which have been recently published in the *Relief Society Magazine*. The classic discussion by William James should also become familiar to us all. (See his volumes on psychology or liberal extracts from his famous chapter often quoted in books of reading in psychology.) Two of the best rather easy discussions of this subject are to be found in Swift's *Psychology and the Day's Work*, pages 84 to 122 and Robinson's *Practical Psychology*, pages 68 to 129.

In character development we need to appreciate the importance of actual *conduct* that is properly motivated from *within*. Sometimes we seem to content ourselves with having children, for example, merely go through the outward motions of right conduct. Again we may think that the verbal concert repetition of slogans—"We stand for this or that" and other forms of "lip service" will take the place of more difficult habit-matters such as driving within the legal speed limit or actually observing the laws of health. Can it be that these things indicate not so much the unwillingness to put our good intentions into practice as a lack of knowing where and how to begin?

The Great Teacher recognized these tendencies as well as the importance of habits consistent with our professed good desires for He said:

"If any man will *do* His will, he shall know of the doctrine." (John 7:17). "And why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?" (Luke 6:46). "By their fruits ye shall know them." (Matt. 7:15-27.)

Now let us come to closer quarters with our problem, considering briefly the nature of habits and then somewhat more fully how they are formed. Habits are acquired, automatic, and definite ways of responding to more or less specific situations. They resemble the so-called instincts except that they are not inherited but are developed as a result of ex-

perience and training. They may represent on the one hand acquired appetites or desires such as the appetite for a certain drink or the taste for a certain kind of literature, and on the other hand they may be mainly skills such as skating, sewing, etc. Often we have combinations of these two classes or habits as in the case of a person with the desire for gambling and the skill to play cards.

From another point of view we may classify habits as to whether or not they are predominantly physical, intellectual, moral, or religious in character. One's posture habits in standing, sitting, and walking might be considered as physical. Answering automatically "fifty-four" to the question, "What is six times nine?" is an intellectual habit. Being punctual in meeting appointments might properly be called a moral habit. Seeking divine guidance regularly through individual and family prayer is a religious habit. The reader can profitably supply other examples of each of these kinds of habits.

It has been said that the foundation of good character lies in good habits. No other animal has anything like the wonderfully great possibilities of habit formation that man has. It is this plasticity in man's nature which makes it possible for him to adjust to new and changing environments and for him to make progress. At the same time habits when once formed may offer resistance to desirable new modes of thought and action. Thus we see that habits may either tend to enslave us or set us free. The great psychologist, James, said:

"We must make automatic and habitual, as early as possible, as many useful actions as we can, and guard against the growing into ways that are likely to be disadvantageous to us, as we would guard against the plague. The more of the details of our daily life we can hand over to the effortless custody of automatism, the more our higher powers of mind will be set free for their own proper work. There is no more miserable human being than one in whom nothing is habitual but indecision. Full half the time of such a man goes to the deciding, or regretting, of matters which ought to be so ingrained in him as practically not to exist for his consciousness at all."

"The hell to be endured hereafter of which theology tells, is no worse than the hell we make for ourselves in this world by habitually fashioning our characters in the wrong way. Could the young but realize how soon they will become mere walking bundles of habits, they would give more heed to their conduct while in the plastic state. We are spinning our own fates, good or evil, and never to be undone. Every smallest stroke of virtue or of vice leaves its ever-so little scar. The drunken Rip Van Winkle, in Jefferson's play, excuses himself for every fresh dereliction by saying, 'I won't count this time!' Well, he may not count it, and a kind Heaven may not count it, but it is being counted none the less. Down among his nerve cells and fibres, the molecules are counting it, registering and storing it up to be used against him when the next temptation comes. Nothing we ever do is, in strict scientific literalness, wiped out."

We hear much these days about the importance of training the "will." Psychologists, however, would prefer not to regard the "will" as "some mysterious power that comes suddenly into existence making the action possible." Can

eron, for example, says, "One cannot perform an entirely new act by sheer force of 'will'." Try voluntarily to make use of the muscles for moving the scalp or ears and you will be unsuccessful to the extent that the capacity is not already present for doing these things. Cameron says, "Training the will means, fundamentally, developing habits of action that conform to the best ideals of society." As we have seen, the "will" is powerless unless it has at its disposal modes of action with which it may work.

It is true that in the interests of moral efficiency and integrity of character many of the situations in life call for automatic responses in action, judgment, and feeling. Since the cultivation of these is one of our present concerns we may well ask how best to form such habits. Three of the four classic rules given by James are often quoted in this connection. They are as follows: (1) "We must take care to launch ourselves with as strong and decided an initiative as possible. (2) Never suffer an exception to occur till the new habit is securely rooted in your life. And (3) Seize the very first possible opportunity to act on every resolution you make, and on every emotional prompting you may experience in the direction of the habits you aspire to gain."

Sample Problems For Discussion

1. Discuss why the personality problems we are now considering are more difficult than those we were concerned with in the first three lessons of this season's work. What makes these problems more especially interesting and worthwhile?

2. If possible get access to at least two of the discussions of habit formation mentioned in the third paragraph of this lesson and report briefly, in say not over five minutes, what you regard as the best things you got out of these articles or chapters.

3. To be really good, habits must not only bring about desirable results or consequences for society, but they must also be expressive of proper individual intentions, attitudes, and dispositions. (See Matt. 5:8, 28; 15:8; 23:28; Mark 7:21-23; Luke 15:17-19; 17:20-21; II Cor. 3:6.) Discuss these passages of scripture in relation to the above statement. How do you account for the fact that many so-called teachers of religion seem to content themselves with "running ecclesiastical or theological formulae through the child's language machinery?"

4. Explain as clearly as you can what habits are like. What different kinds of habits are there?

5. A well known lecturer recently gave the following rule for successfully establishing new habits: "Practice the desired new activity every time you think of it and stop before you get tired." Compare this with the rules given by James.

6. In what ways may habits be our servants and set us free so to speak? How may they enslave us or hinder our progress? Discuss fully.

7. (a) What is the value of retaining the ability to break habits? (b) Suppose that you had decided to break the habit of using slang. Describe just what steps you might take to make your resolution effective.

8. In the Doctrine and Covenants in a number of places it says in substance, "Say nothing but repentance to this generation." (See for example 11:9.) What do you make of this in relation to the present lesson?

9. Summarize the brief discussion

on how to break bad habits quoted in Poulson—*Human Nature,* pp. 80 to 83.

10. If the chapter on "Our Unconscious Fabrication Habits" in Overstreet was not adequately discussed last year some member might be assigned especially to read it in connection with the magazine discussion of it provided in the January 1931 issue, and give a five minute report of outstanding points brought out. This chapter will not receiv further consideration in the presen series of lessons.

11. Find these phrases in Chapte IX of our text and comment briefl on each: "condition reflex," "mos pleasurable association," "fine per sonality qualities," "permanent asso ciation-factors," "a place of interes and beauty," "ineffective mere ad monition," "pleasurable respons bilities."

Thanks for Today

By Linnie Fisher Robinson

Oh, wasn't it lovely the way
The robin built her nest?
Wasn't it fine to see the sun
Sink in the golden west?

Oh wouldn't we miss the flowers,
If we couldn't walk where they grow?
And wouldn't we miss the grasses
If we could no more see them blow?

So, just to give us happiness,
And make the day seem glad,
Let's thank God for the day we hav
Whether its good or bad.

For, if the day should be cloud
And we can't see the sun,
Let's thank God we can look for i
Before that day is done.

To a Dead Son

By Ivy W. Stone

At first we mourned and questioned why
He could not live life's span;
It seemed so wrong that he should die
As he became a man.

With folded hands we nursed our grief
And chafed against God's will;
We gave no neighbor kind relief
Nor solaced any ill.

But now we know the Lord has need
For some of earth's fair flowers;
They bloom between sear stalk and weed
And that's why He chose ours.

Our boy is safe within God's sheaf,
We do not mourn his fate;
With kindly deeds we conquered grief
And trust in God and WAIT!

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